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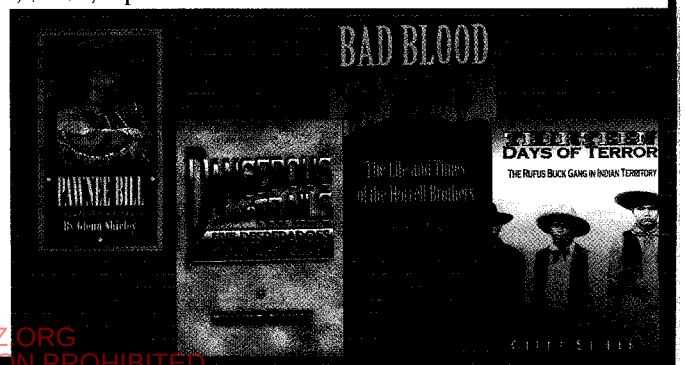

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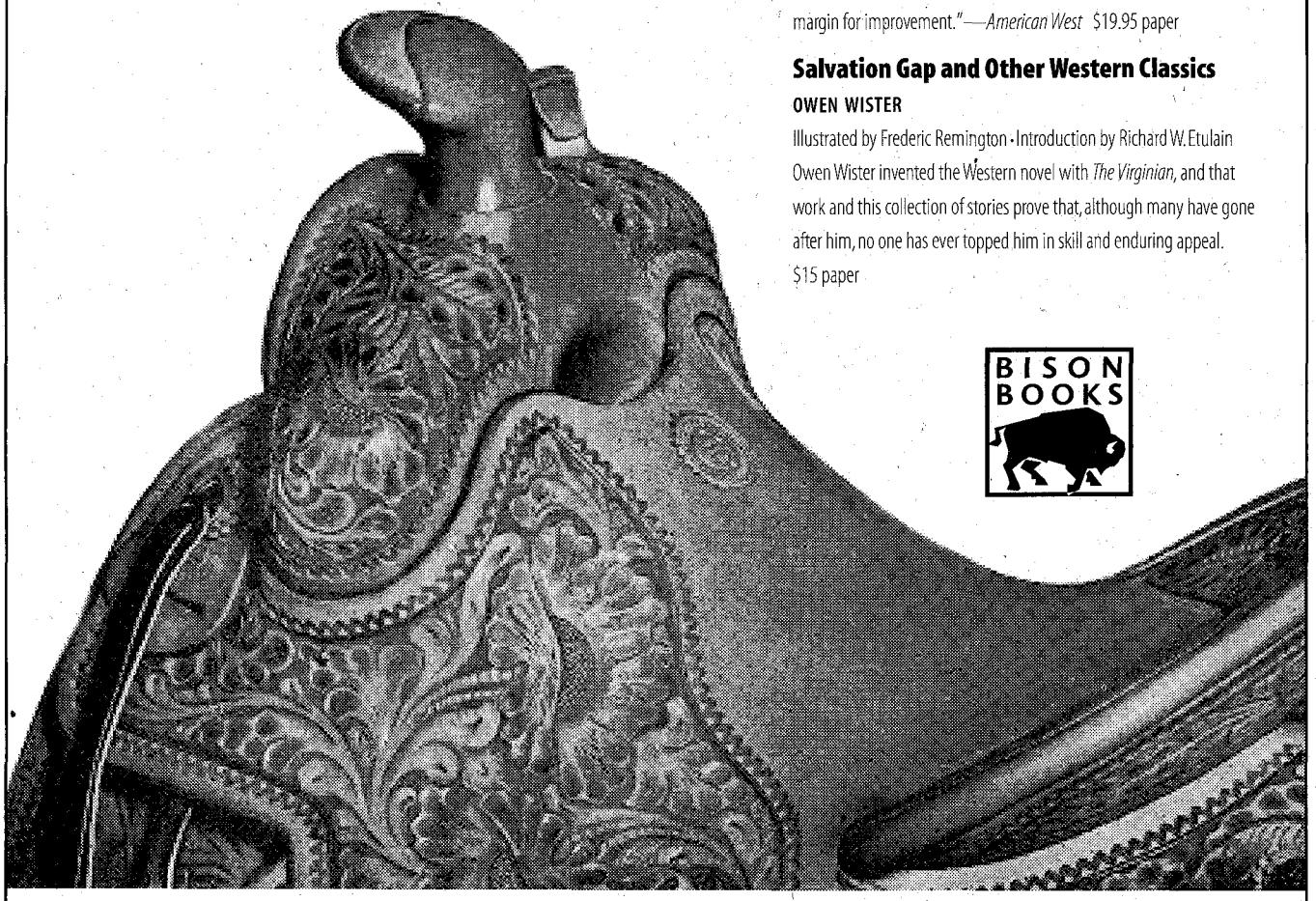

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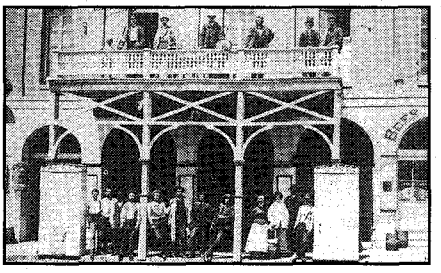

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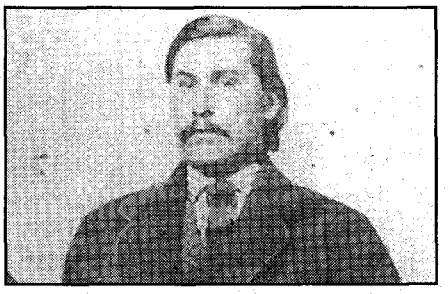

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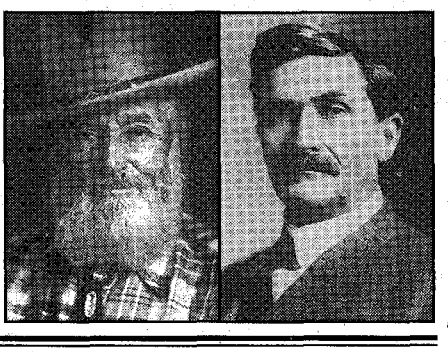

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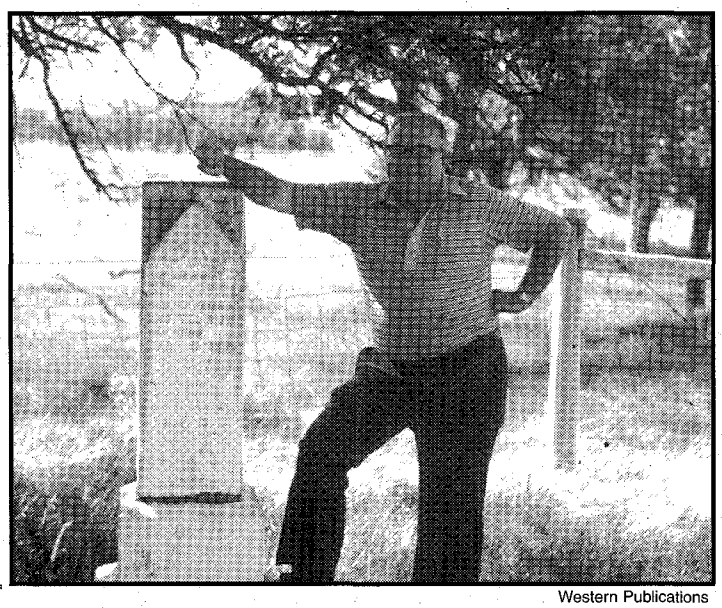
FROM THE EDITOR

Howdy, ya'll!

He came into our lives sometime around 1986, stopping at our offices to rummage through our back issues and library, to further expand his phenomenal knowledge of the West. A giant of a man, eyes twinkling, massive frame animated and never at rest, a mind like a steel trap. One couldn't help but feel humbled in his presence; a southern gentleman by definition, a friend to one and all at first sight. When a giant of his stature falls, the pillars of heaven are shaken. They are undoubtedly still quivering.



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James A. Browning at the marker site of Sitting Bull's death.

James A. Browning, known as "Albert" to his family, was just that giant. Born March 10, 1921, in Paulding County, Georgia, Jim led an enviable life from every angle. Graduating valedictorian of his class at Douglas County High School in 1940, Jim continued his education at West Georgia College in Carrolton. After a tour of duty in the Air Force, Jim earned a Masters in Chemistry from the University of Georgia, Athens.

After teaching at his alma mater for a period of four years, Professor Browning began a thirty-six-year career teaching chemistry at the prestigious Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina. It was around this time that he devoted every spare moment to studying the West, a passion sparked by his voracious appetite for biography and frontier history.

Jim toured the back roads and dusty archives of the West for the next fifty years (he retired in 1987, thereby devoting all of his time to research), applying a scientific system to index every name, date, and story he came across. His "lists," as he called them, became two very popular books, both published by Barbed Wire Press. *The Western Reader's Guide* meticulously listed just dang near every article published in the scores of western magazines that flourished from the 1950s to the late-1980s. *Violence Was No Stranger*, for which Jim was famous, became a researcher's bible, a step-by-step guide to the grave sites of prominent, and sometimes incidental, westerners. The book quickly became a best seller for us, and was heralded as a "must have" for historians and western travelers alike.

I first met Jim at a history conference a few years ago. I was immediately struck by his amazing ability to pull facts from thin air. Over breakfast, we engaged in a discussion of Oklahoma outlaws; Jim used the salt and pepper shakers to illustrate where, *exactly*, each of the discussed criminals was buried in cemeteries across the Sooner state. At the time, the news was dominated by a young girl who was trying to gain admission to the all-male Citadel. Interested in his unique perspective on the matter, I asked what he thought of the situation. Jim's southern manners never wavered; one doesn't discuss politics in polite company. The conversation quickly returned to the safer arena of bloodthirsty outlaws and fatal gunfights.

In a field where historians and researchers sometime debate and disagree to the point of personal attack and juvenile name-calling, Jim moved from group-to-group, discussion-to-discussion, with virtual grace. Even the most temperamental mind, or mouth, would melt in his presence.

In January 1998, Jim was diagnosed with prostate cancer. The diagnosis was too late, however; the cancer had already taken residence in the bone. After treatment, Jim felt well enough to continue his research, but in December 1998, he requested that he be moved to Douglasville, Georgia, to be closer to family. Jim continued his passion for history, sharing research with an interested party as late as January 1999.

After "fighting the good fight," James Browning died on February 4, 1999. He was interred in Douglasville's Rosehaven Cemetery, Laural Garden, on February 6. "Jim devoted his life to teaching and writing," remembers his sister Janice McCravy. At Jim's request, the research he loved so dearly was destroyed. A few of his books were sold to private collectors, but the remaining 1,700-1,900 volumes were donated to the Charleston County Library.

A new, and revised edition of *Violence Was No Stranger* was in the initial editing stage when James Browning died; the book will be released, as Jim wished, later this year.

Marcus Huff

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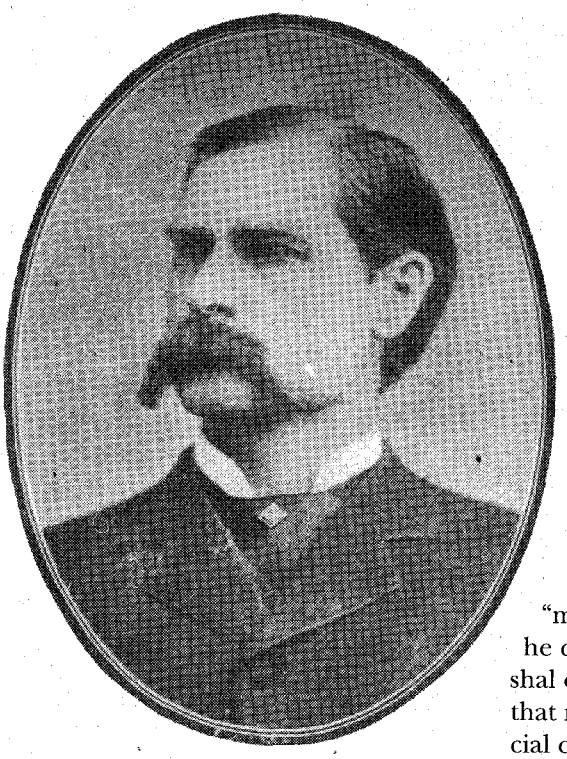

AN EARP ACCOUNTING

While it would require what Mark Twain referred to as "a pen warmed up in Hell" to provide a full accounting, I would like to make some sort of reply to Bob Boze Bell's "The Case Against Wyatt Earp" in February's True West.

First, Bell argues that Earp "misrepresented himself" when he claimed to have been the marshal of Dodge City. However true that may be as a matter of the official chain of command, many residents of Dodge in the period of Earp's residence there shared his view. On January 18, 1881, the *Ford County Globe* noted that "Wyatt Earp, ex-City Marshal of Dodge City," was in Tombstone, Arizona. On May 31, 1883, the *Globe* stated that "Wyatt Earp, a former city marshal of Dodge City, arrived in the city from the west" a few days earlier. In the pro-Earp petition sent to Tombstone following the October 1881 street fight there, 60+ Dodge residents agreed that Earp arrived in Dodge in 1876, and that "during the years of 1877, 1878, and 1879, he was Marshal of our city." Additionally, the petitioners, all of them prominent in business and politics at the county and state levels agreed that Earp "occupied a place of high social position and was regarded and looked upon as a high-minded, honorable citizen" while there.

Second, Bell presents the testimony of supposed gunfight witness Martha J. King, who claimed to overhear an exchange between one of the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday: "Let them have it!" "All right!" But how truthful was this witness for the prosecution? King, supposedly close enough to them to hear this conversation, drew a blank when asked about the weapon carried by Holliday. "Do not know whether he had a shotgun or a rifle," she said. Moreover, she "did not see anyone speak to the Earp party to try to stop them." If she was there, and close enough to hear the Earp war council, she would have both seen and heard Sheriff Johnny Behan as he attempted to head off the advancing Earp party, unsuccessfully.

SADDLE PALS **By Graham Ward**

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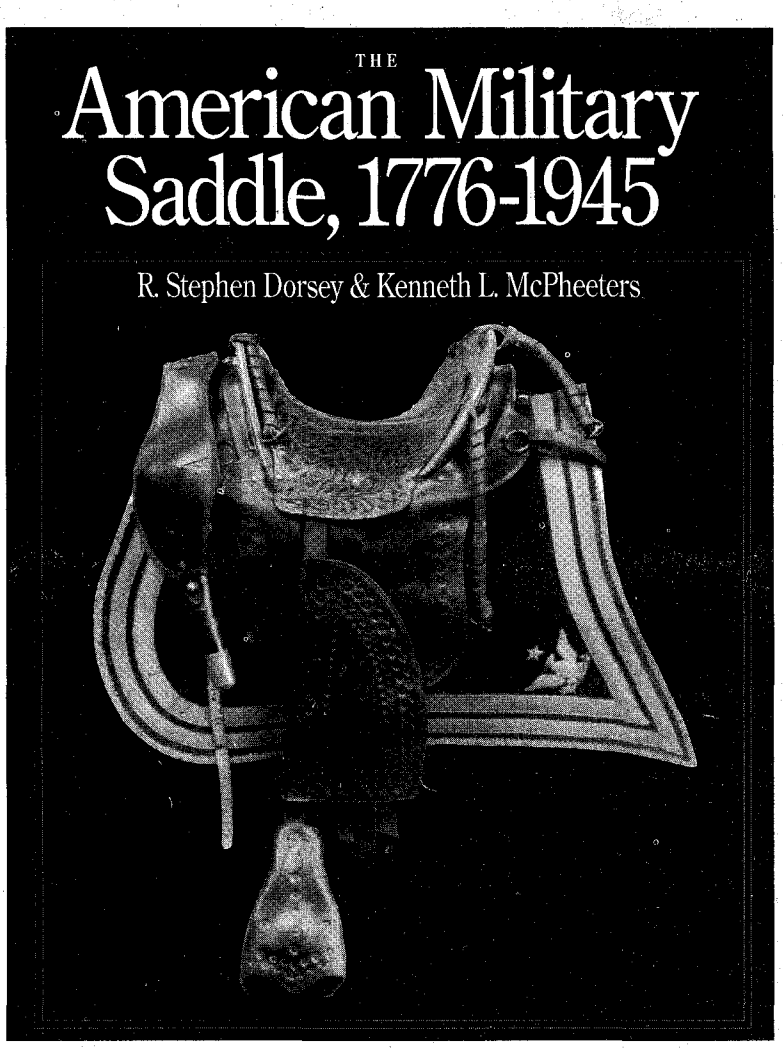

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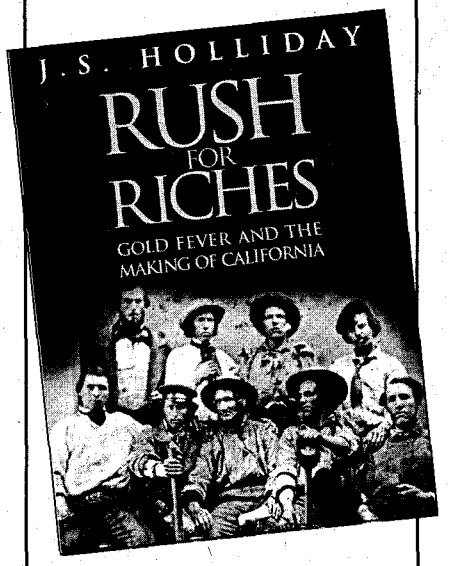

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—Ken Burns

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Next, and more dangerously, Bell tries to rehabilitate J.I. "Ike" Clanton, writing that there is "no convincing argument that Ike ever was a 'chief' of anything," and repeating the pro-Cowboy mantra that none of the cowboys at the gunfight was wanted for a crime at the time of the powder-burning with the Earps. But the evidence is unambiguous about Ike's crookedness at the time of these events. On December 30, 1881, the *Tombstone Epitaph* ran an interview with gunfight witness Mrs. J.C. Collier, who said: "Ringo and Clanton are their chiefs. They plan the raids and the others carry them out." On November 5, 1881, the *Tombstone Nugget* quoted Sheriff Behan as saying that Ike had told him he would never be arrested. Clanton, he said, "told me that he had armed his crowd and was not going to stand it." Also, reports in the November 3, 1881 *San Diego Union* and the February 1907 edition of *Human Life* magazine establish that Ike presided over a gang of "thieves...implicated in the stealing of cattle and horses," who added to their income by robbing stages from bases throughout the San Simon Valley.

After the gunfight, Clanton was involved in two attempts to assassinate the Earps, a Tombstone ambush of Virgil Earp and an attempt to murder the balance of Earps at the Tucson train yards, which left Cowboy operative Frank Stilwell deader than dead. Ike, typically, fled the scene as soon as the lead began to fly. And when the Clanton gang, with Ike at its head, relocated to northeastern Arizona in the mid-1880s, the rustling and robbing continued as before, until Ike was shot dead and Phin Clanton thrown in the penitentiary at Yuma.

Finally, Bell notes, correctly, that Wyatt and Virgil Earp offered their resignations as Deputy United States Marshals on February 1, 1882. What he does not mention is the notice in the February 28, 1881, *Nugget*, quoting a dispatch from the capital at Prescott. "We are informed by Marshal Dake [Crawley P. Dake, the U.S. Marshal for the Territory] that the resignation of the Earps, as Deputy United States Marshals, has not yet been accepted, owing to the fact that their accounts have not yet been straightened up." In fact, the first indication of Earp's resignation appears in April 1882, after he, Doc Holliday, and a handful of supporters tore through Tombstone and environs, systematically executing the leaders of the Cowboy forces. This strongly suggests that, while the vendetta had its origins in personal motivations, Wyatt Earp was a Federal officer when he killed Curly Bill Brocius—yes, he killed Curly Bill—and other Cowboys.

As one of the dozen-odd writers mentioned by Bell as currently working on Earp books, it saddens me that, 117 years after the Tombstone street fight and 70 years after the death of Wyatt Earp, certain writers still cannot, or will not, get it right. Still, as Jefferson said, "Time and truth will at length correct error."—*Timothy W. Fattig, Couch, Missouri.*

Author's Response: Mr. Fattig obviously knows his Tombstone minutiae. However, Fattig claims Wyatt "and a handful of supporters tore through Tombstone and environs, systematically executing the leaders of the Cowboy forces." Maybe in the movie *Tombstone* they did, but in real life the score is not quite as impressive, especially if you take Curly Bill out of the equation. And, as much as I would like to believe Wyatt on this last score (it caps the whole vendetta ride!), I'm afraid the linchpin for this fable is Wyatt's veracity. And, that's one virtue our hero constantly had trouble with.—*Bob Boze Bell, Cave Creek, Arizona.*

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THE DEATH OF HELEN BEULAH

By Dennis McCown

She was one of the most mysterious women of the Old West. For those who have studied her, she is romantic, she is sexual, and she is dangerous.

Her name was Helen Beulah Mrose, wife of desperado Martin Mrose. She was also the lover of the legendary gunfighter John Wesley Hardin, financier of his autobiography, and catalyst for much of El Paso, Texas', violence of 1895 and 1896. To clarify the role of Helen Beulah is to understand El Paso better, but where she came from and where she went have been unknown for a hundred years.

Unfortunately, while historians and researchers have not been able to learn anything new of her, her family knew the truth and hid it. There are reasons for this. She was scandalous, and there was nothing worse among the good, solid people from which she came. There were scurrilous rumors of her being a prostitute, of her drinking, and of her relationship with Hardin, a man acknowledged not to be her husband. Throughout it all, the family held its breath, knowing there was worse.

Even so, her father accurately recorded her death in the family Bible. He noted it under the name "Helen Rose," and for anyone familiar with her marriage to Martin Mrose, the derivation is obvious. She kept Mrose's name to her dying day. It provides closure to this woman's curious and quixotic decline.

But to think that is only to grasp a part of the truth.

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gesture and the behavior expected of a woman of the 1890s, her use of the name Rose is strangely awful. It was a frank acknowledgment that she *owed* someone something, for her name was Mrose only by usage. She had never earned it. Indeed, her married name was Jennings; long before she ever met Martin Mrose in Phenix, New Mexico, she married Steve Jennings in Fredonia, Mason County, Texas, on March 21, 1889. She had three children by him, only one of whom survived. When she ran away from this disastrous marriage and sought the comfort of her brother and his family near Mayhill, on the Rio Peñasco, in New Mexico, she took the child with her.

She was a good mother. To think *this* is to miss the depth of Helen Beulah's character. She took a three-year-old child horseback across the barren plains of West Texas, not out of love, but as a classic example of parental kidnapping. There is a record in the Mason County courthouse that she filed suit before her departure, and it's likely the suit was for divorce. Thinking the case won, Helen married the first available bachelor she thought could be her protector. Helen may have never learned the suit in Mason County was dismissed and the case files mysteriously lost.

From the very first, her tight-lipped behavior about her past caused suspicion in New Mexico. Milton Phillips, one of Mrose's friends, was the first to declare her a prostitute, and it caught on over the years. It was an obvious way to explain how an available, good-looking blonde suddenly appeared in the cribtown of Phenix and married the most powerful resident bachelor.

Unfortunately, Helen Beulah had business sense, and one of the reasons Phillips and others distrusted her was she brought an organization to Mrose's rustling and butchering businesses. She accumulated wealth quickly, and it frightened people. Before long, Helen and Mrose were forced to flee for their lives and into the history books. For a second time she carried her small child on horseback across the desert. A month later, arrested with Mrose in Mexico, Helen Beulah hired a well known lawyer, newly arrived in El Paso, to represent their interests. His name was John Wesley Hardin, and he had once been the greatest gunfighter of all. Hardin smelled money, and he sure liked its packaging. Before long, he had won both the busty blonde and her cash. It was inevitable that Martin Mrose would have to go.

On June 29, 1895, Mrose was shot to death in the Santa Fe Dump in El Paso, Texas. There are indications of Helen Beulah's involvement in this killing, but there is also a hint of her realization of the enormity of what she had accomplished. To understand Helen Beulah is to know a criminal she was not. She had played a flirtatious game, and someone got killed as a result. Even through the fog of her immaturity and the numbing of drink and excitement, she seemed to realize the only good man in her life had come to a bad end because of her. She may have attempted suicide as a result. The July 3, 1895, *El Paso Daily Times* reported that, "Mrs. M'rose [sic] was taken suddenly sick at the Wellington yesterday and it was rumored on the streets that she had attempted suicide...."

Suicide was more widely reported in those days. What was scandalous was not the suicide itself, but the *failure* to achieve a suicide. Though the attending physician claimed she had not taken any poison, an attempted suicide goes a long way toward explaining the rest of Helen Beulah's life. It's well known her relationship with John Wesley Hardin soured—perhaps on the very issue of Martin Mrose's death—and she and Hardin began to drink and make wild accusations. Hardin hinted to the newspapers that he had put several lawmen up to killing Mrose. He gambled heavily, robbed one gaming table at gunpoint, and tried to rob another. Meanwhile, Helen behaved erratically (and erotically) whenever he was not around. She was out of control, and he

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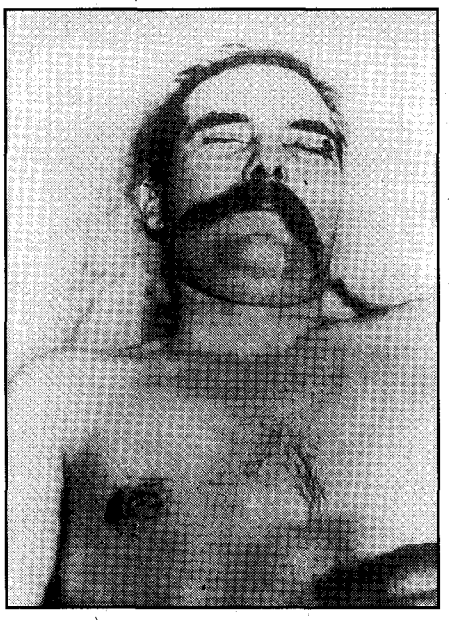
threatened and assaulted her. Here was the greatest gunfighter of all time, so lethal that even with an intense amount of alcohol in his system he still terrified the best guns of his age, yet he spent his last weeks on earth threatening a helpless young woman. Finally, he sent her to her parents' home in Cartwright, Arizona, near present-day Phoenix.



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The dead John Wesley Hardin.

When the telegram arrived notifying her of her lover's death, the August 23, 1895, *Arizona Daily Gazette* reported that "Mrs. Helen Harding [sic] departed town to attend to settling the affairs of her late husband." This was nearly the last act for Helen Beulah. Until February 1896, she remained incognito, because by now she was living under her maiden name again. Afraid that her real husband would find her in El Paso, she didn't dare use the name Jennings. Likewise, she could not use Mrose or Hardin. Two days after her departure for El Paso, however, a telegram arrived for her in Arizona. It was undeliverable, but in those days such things were reported in the papers, and the *Arizona Daily Gazette* duly reported on August 25, 1895, that there was a telegram waiting for Nellie Williams.

It was her real name, unknown to historians for a hundred years, but faithfully recorded in the Williams'

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family bible as Helen Eugenia Williams, born November 1, 1872, near Berry's Creek in Williamson County, Texas. She used both the nicknames Nellie and Dollie as she was growing up. The surname Williams was the one vital clue that might have led someone to her story. Incredibly, many of the people who knew her as Helen Beulah Mrose knew bits and pieces that might have also led historians to her story. Both Frank McMahan and George Scarborough's families had known her family in Williamson, Mason, and San Saba counties. So had Jim Miller's family, Dee Harkey's, and the Bazes. Yet no one seems to have mentioned it. After her lawsuit seeking control of Hardin's estate was dismissed on February 12, 1896, she disappeared from history.

She also disappeared from Arizona, taking her child with her, and she set out for California, where the August 15, 1895, *El Paso Daily Times* had reported, she could, "...grow up with the country." Quite an admission for someone so immature, but she had not learned all her lessons yet. She had betrayed her husband when she left him. She had betrayed Martin Mrose too, and maybe not just once, but twice. There is a hint that she cooperated in his arrest in Mexico. Beauregard Lee, the man who successfully arrested Mrose on a train, was quoted in the *El Paso Daily Herald* of August 9, 1895, as having seen "...in an upper room of a lodging house [in Juarez] a woman and a child who subsequently proved to be the wife and daughter...of the fugitive...[Lee] also saw New Mexico officers going up, and suspected something."

She betrayed John Wesley Hardin, too. Her taunts and teasing may have contributed directly to his death, but there was one more betrayal left in her repertoire, and it would be the most terrible of all. She would betray her five-year-old child.

No one knows what happened to her in California. She wandered the length of the state, from Fresno to San Francisco. She spent or lost all her money, and her decline into alcoholism must have been terrible to witness. Helen could not keep her daughter with her anymore. The child interfered with her drinking and her making a living, for by now there is no dispute she was doing what she had to in order to make a dollar. There were no choices for a woman like her, just a horrible life of prostitution and theft. Knowing this, she abandoned her daughter in a Catholic orphanage. It was years before her father located her and returned with her to Texas. Giving up her daughter was the last act of a very desperate woman, and Helen Beulah's days were numbered.

On July 22, 1904, *The Sacramento Bee* reported, "Three...women who gave their names as Mary Doe, Grace Rose, and Mrs. Wilson, were victims of foaming intoxicants yesterday. They were each lectured by the Court and allowed to go free." It was but one of many arrests for "Grace Rose," her alias by this time. She was living in the tenderloin district of Sacramento, and she had a shack, one of many such shacks in an alley off Fourth Street. It was here that she would die.

On September 12, 1904, the newspaper reported:

> Grace Berry, who has more than once faced charges in the City Justice's Court ranging from petty larceny to vagrancy, lies dead at the Morgue. Officer Butler found the woman dying on a dirty mattress in a cottage located in the alley in the block bounded by L and M, Fourth and Fifth Streets yesterday afternoon. He called the patrol wagon and had the [woman] removed to the Receiving Hospital where City Physician Nichols attended her. His efforts were unavailing, however, as the woman died about six o'clock last evening....The woman was known here as Grace Berry, but her true name is supposed to have been Mrs. Grace Rose. She claimed to have had a mother and daughter, the former dying in Stockton about a month ago, leav-

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ing the Berry woman heir to an estate of $10,000. The deceased stated to the officers that she was in receipt of an income of $75 a month from her relatives, who gave her that amount to stay away from them. The Berry woman, or Mrs. Rose, as her true name is, was drinking yesterday afternoon in the house where she was found with a man named Charles Lessler. Lesles [sic] stated to Coroner Gormley that suddenly the woman seemed to faint and he called an officer when unable to do anything for her. The cause of the woman's death is not known, although it is believed by some of the officers that the woman took poison.

It was a sad end for someone who had started out so promising. There was no $10,000, of course, but there was a similar story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* months before of a woman named Williams who had inherited such a sum. It was not *this* Helen Williams, however, for her real mother had died in 1898. The monthly income? A similar story had been in the papers. A mother who still cared for her? Again, a story about a woman who rescued her daughter from a marriage to a Chinese laundryman had appeared in the papers a few months before. These tales were fantasies drawn from other people's stories, and Helen spun such yarns even in the hospital where she lay dying.

County Coroner W.F. Gormley listed the cause of her death as "chronic alcoholism," and the same was reported in *The Evening Bee,* September 13, 1904. This pronouncement seems too convenient. Perhaps the judgment of the officers at the scene was more accurate, but whether with alcohol or with poison, the result was the same. Helen Beulah had no reason to live and had given up on herself years before. Having survived John Wesley Hardin and Martin Mrose by only nine years, she died as she had lived, a complex, fractured person.

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Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday in Las Vegas, New Mexico

By Chuck Hornung · Illustrated by Gary Zaboly

The adventure began in the fall of 1879 in southwest Kansas. Thirty-one-year-old Wyatt Earp was the assistant city marshal of Dodge City and a deputy sheriff of Ford County. Earp worked only four days in the month of September before he resigned his law enforcement duties and headed west. On October 7, the Dodge City town council authorized payment to Earp of $13.32, or $3.33 per day, for his last four days of public service.

Today it is generally reported that Wyatt and James Earp, with their families, had planned to join Virgil and his wife Allie at Prescott, Arizona, and then together the three brothers would seek the family fortune in the new mining camp of Tombstone. If the prospects proved satisfactory then brother Morgan, and his wife, would leave Montana and join the clan. The oldest Earp brother, Newton, and his family had decided to remain in Kansas, while the youngest brother, Warren, still lived with his parents in California.

Historians have recorded conflicting reasons concerning why Wyatt Earp left Dodge City, but the fact is that the September 9, 1879, *Ford County Globe* said simply that Wyatt "took his departure for Las Vegas, New Mexico." No mention was made of Tombstone, the Territory of Arizona, or silver mines.

Wyatt's friend and fellow gambler John Henry Holliday owned a saloon along the railroad tracks in the new Anglo town of Las Vegas. It would seem more likely that the Earps planned to join Holliday in the new boom town because Dodge City was quickly becoming too tame, with Kansas' new laws concerning gambling and the sale of "spirits." Some of Dodge City's old gambling fraternity were already well established as the semiofficial government of East Las Vegas.

The first train had reached East Las Vegas in early July 1879, and with it came a new wave of commerce and trouble. The new village was designated Precinct 29 of San Miguel County and H.G. "Hoodoo

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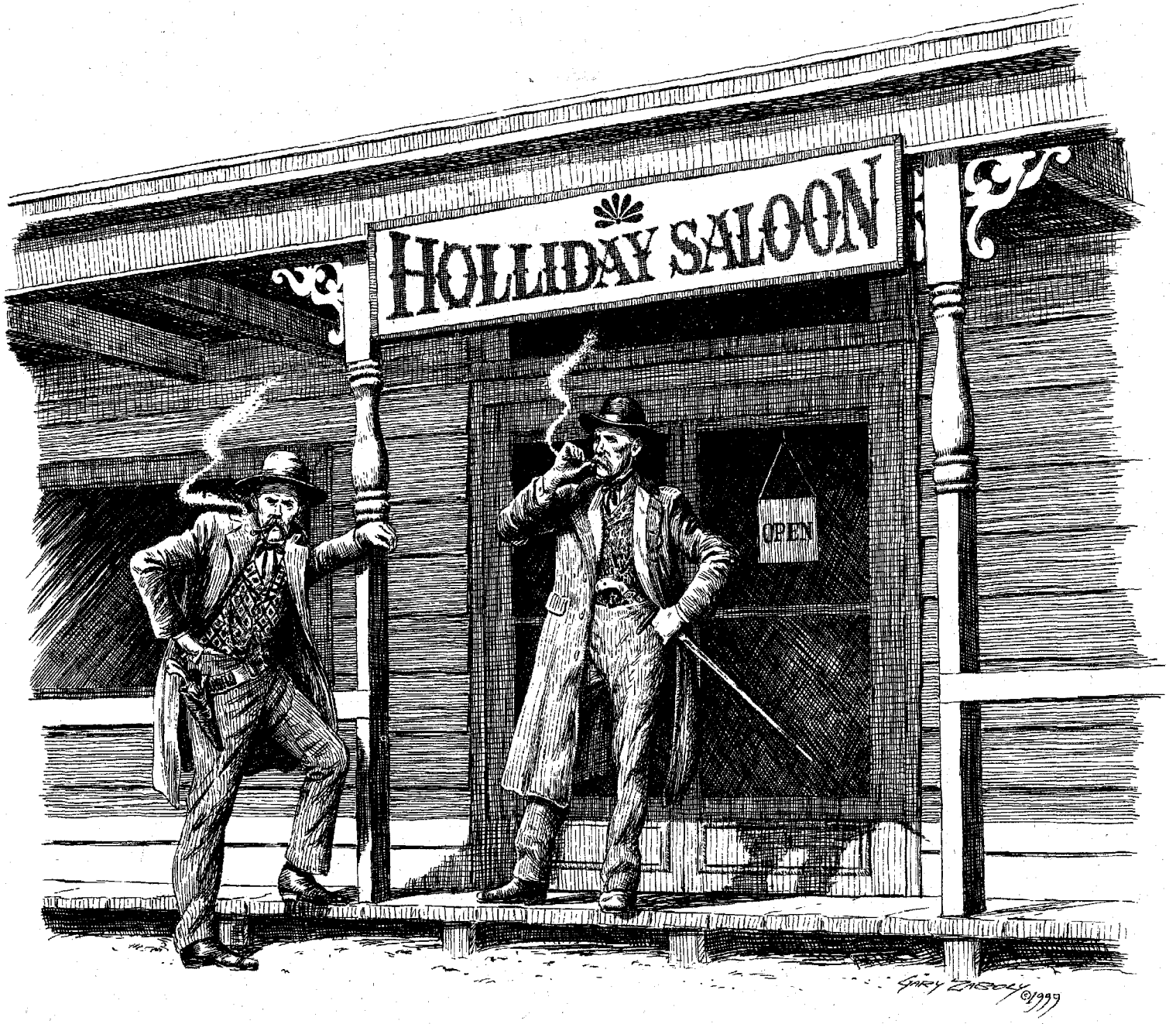

Brown" Neill had assumed the role of justice of the peace. He named a number of former Kansas lawmen/gamblers and recent Santa Fe Railway gunmen-for-hire to police the rumpus community. Among these policemen were Earp friends Joe Carson, "Mysterious Dave" Mather, and John Joshua Webb.

In the spring of 1940, Mary K. Cummings, alias Big Nose Kate, Doc Holliday's gal pal/wife, wrote a niece that she and Doc had "lived in Las Vegas over two years [and that] Doc was practicing dentistry in Las Vegas in 1879[.]" Kate's statement is a little confused because she and John arrived in the Las Vegas area in late December 1878.

Holliday opened a dental office on the north side of Bridge Street between the old Hispanic town plaza and the river. His office was also near the saloon and gambling dens of the area. Doc operated his dental office in the same building that was occupied by a jewelry and watch repairman named Bill Leonard. The two men became friends and Leonard would play a future role in the Arizona drama of both the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday.

The 1878-79 winter was bitter cold and most San Miguel County residents chose to remain indoors. It is uncertain how the weather affected Holliday's dental practice, but it might have helped his gambling.

On Saturday, March 8, 1879, Doc was arrested for "keeping a gaming table" and on Monday he pled guilty, in Cause No. 931, in San Miguel County District Court. John Holliday was fined $25 and $1.75 in court costs. The arrest and fine was a legal way for the territory to assess a license fee for an illegal activity.

It is possible, following a slow winter season, that Holliday may have needed to reestablish his financial situation. He left Kate in Las Vegas and returned to Dodge City to make some quick and easy money. The July 20, 1880, *Las Vegas Optic* implies that Kate, in Doc's absence, took up prostitution at the territorial capital in Santa Fe. The anti-Holliday *Optic* states, without

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citing any evidence, that Kate became "...a Santa Fe tidbit and surrounded her habiliments with a detestable odor before leaving the 'Ancient (City)' that will, in itself, make her memory immortal."

During Doc's leave from New Mexico he, along with other Dodge City "fighters" led by Bat Masterson, participated in the Colorado railroad wars. Holliday had made his easy money, a share of $10,000, so he soon returned to New Mexico Territory, this time to Otero.

Otero was the first boom town along the Santa Fe railway, then called the New Mexico and Southern Pacific Railroad, that was laying track along the old Santa Fe Trail. Recently-discovered information indicates that Doc Holliday may have operated a dentist office in Otero before he finally settled in East Las Vegas.

Otero, named for Miguel A. Otero, Sr., was located on the plains, along the Santa Fe tracks, just a few miles south of the Raton Pass area. The New Mexico political leader had helped to bring the railroad into the territory via the pass. Otero also established a branch of his lucrative mercantile business in the settlement.

The only known remaining issue of the *Otero Optic,* of June 5, 1879, contains two mentions concerning Doc Holliday. One story reports that John Henry was engaged in a raffle for a violin. He and nine other men bought in the game for $5.00 a chance. Samuel Burr, a restaurant owner, won the dice toss held at the Robinson Hotel. No mention was made concerning the disposition of the proceeds from this "social event." Gambling was illegal, and Otero's Marshal "Hurricane Bill" Martin did enforce that law.

Martin was a handsome six footer, about 200 pounds and well dressed, who commanded respect. He was, however, later fired for "drunkenness and incompetency."

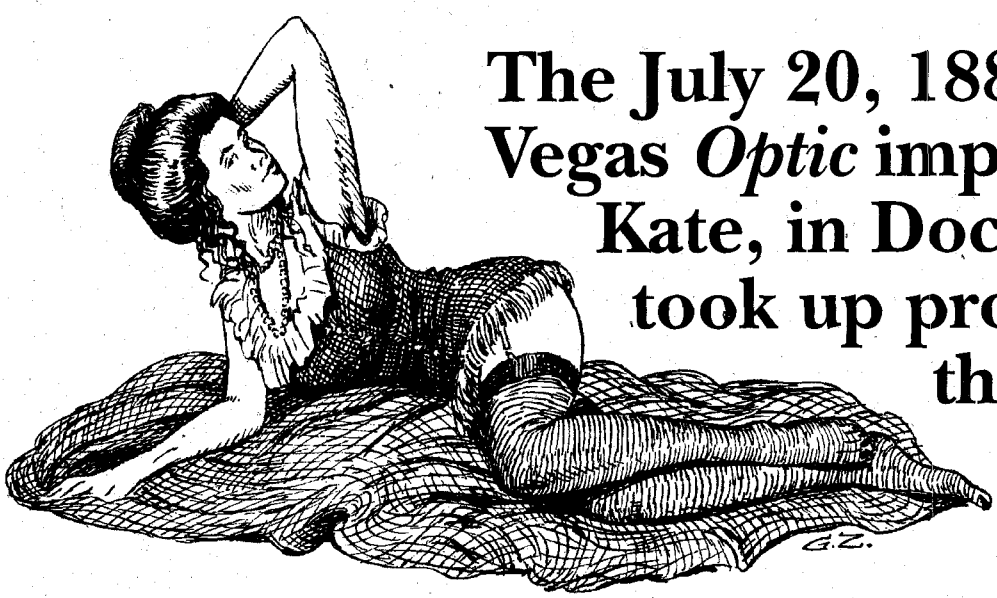
One of Otero's doctors, M.W. Robbins, advertised in the local newspaper as a "Physician and Surgeon" with "twenty-five years of practice." In the only surviving issue of the *Otero Optic* there is a first page item about Dr. Robbins and his compassionate treatment of four sick persons in "destitute condition."

On another page of that same issue of the *Optic,* Doctor C.A. Washington's advertisement said he was a "Surgeon and Accoucheur." (The word accoucheur is French and means a male midwife.) The newspaper editor also noted, "Office and residence one door from Rosenthal's store where he can be found at all hours when not professionally engaged elsewhere."

The second *Otero Optic* announcement concerning Doc Holliday said, "Dr. [C.A.] Washington has purchased a half interest in the room occupied by Holliday & Fagaly." It would seem at one point during the summer of 1879 that John Henry shared his office space with the accoucheur, but nothing is known about Holliday's relationship with Mr. Fagaly.

Dr. Washington had a quick temper that sometimes ruled his actions. At one point, he became so angry that he stabbed a man during an argument. He was also a philanderer. The doctor's love of women finally cost him his life when he made an unprofessional advance toward a woman patient. The young lady's fiancé threatened Washington to the point that the doctor was put into protective custody in the Otero jail. A mob, led by the fiancé, liberated the doctor from jail and then lynched him from the railroad station's water tower.

Another interesting point is that there is no advertisement for Holliday's dental office in the *Otero Optic.* A year later, Russell A. Kistler, one of the two owners of the *Optic,* moved the newspaper to Las Vegas. In 1881, the *Las Vegas Optic* was the source for the claim, without proof, that Doc Holliday was the "unknown" killer of Mike Gordon in July 1879. Later, the newspaper also called Holliday "a shiftless, bagged-legged character—a killer and professional cut-throat and not a whit too refined to rob stages or even steal sheep." This obvious animosity



The July 20, 1880, Las Vegas *Optic* implies that Kate, in Doc's absence, took up prostitution at the territorial capital in Santa Fe.

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may have been the reason Holliday never supported Kistler's struggling Otero and Las Vegas newspapers with his professional advertising.

It has been suggested that John Holliday first went to New Mexico for his health. If that is true then the area around Otero, during the summer of 1879, could not have been the best climate for his tuberculosis. In early June, the mountains around Raton Pass were still covered with snow and it seemed that it rained most days. The *Optic* said that it hoped the rainy weather would soon leave the area. "The weather during a greater part of this week having been inclement, and a few later days steaming with the condensed essence of the tropics, the beautiful game of croquet has been erased from the programme of Otero social life."

John Myers Myers, in his pioneer biography of Doc Holliday, claims that the gambler/dentist killed a man at Otero. "At least one of the spooks in this ghost town owes his being to Doc," wrote Myers. He then declares that Holliday "was arrested on charges of killing an unnamed, and probably unknown, gunman, albeit under the circumstances that led the court to exonerate him on the broad Western grounds of 'self-defense.'"

Myers's one paragraph coverage of Doc's stay in Otero is not annotated and is most likely fiction. The records for the Colfax County District Court have survived and they don't contain any cause docket against John H. Holliday. The prisoner records for the Colfax County jail, located at Cimarron, don't contain John H. Holliday's name; however, Otero did have its own village jail.

"The calaboose in Otero is still owned by [the] citizens, but is used for confinement of county prisoners, men incarcerated by the authority of Colfax county," reported the June 5, 1879, *Otero Optic*. Unfortunately, unless they are in a private collection, no known inmate records survive for the Otero village jail.

William J. Claiborne was the justice of the peace for the Otero precinct, but his case docket is not known to have survived. It is possible that Holliday could have been arrested by Deputy Sheriff Goodlett or Otero's Marshal Bill Martin and charged with a crime, in justice court, that was overturned at the preliminary hearing and so would not have reached the district court level. Writer Ed Bartholomew claimed, from an unspecified source, that Claiborne later lived in southeastern Arizona and worked as a lawman.

In the spring of 1879, East Las Vegas was a boom town. A mile west across the Rio Gallinas from the new railroad town was the plaza of the original Mexican townsite. West Las Vegas, or Old Town as it was now called, retained its own set of city officials and served as the county seat of San Miguel County.

In 1935, a former territorial governor, Miguel A. Otero, Jr., wrote a book about his youth entitled *My Life on the Frontier*. In his book Otero recounts a story about how Doc Holliday shot a gambler named Charlie White. "No arrests were made," wrote Otero. "It was simply allowed to pass, as no one was interested in either Holliday or White, and the peace officers in Las Vegas were much too busy looking after their own games." Otero recounts a nice tale, but the historic record does not seem to support this bloody claim.

Other authors, including Bat Masterson, have Doc Holliday killing a man named Mike Gordon in a Las Vegas saloon. This tale is based solely upon a *Las Vegas Daily Optic* statement published July 20, 1881, two years to the day after Gordon's reported death. "[Doc Holliday] is the identical individual who killed poor, inoffensive Mike Gordon." The July 26, 1879, *Las Vegas Gazette* carried a lengthy account, "Mike Gordon Crosses the Range," of the gunfight that resulted in Gordon's death. Holliday is not mentioned in the story. "In the afternoon the Coroner held an inquest and the Jury returned a verdict of excusable homicide."

The coroner's inquest named no aggressor to this daylight killing and Doc Holliday held no special protection, by the courts or the police, from a San Miguel County grand jury investigation. No grand jury indictment was ever issued for Gordon's killing. One of the members of the Gordon inquest jury, Charles Ilfield, was a very prominent territorial businessman and was no friend of gamblers. Reason would lead one to believe that if

Gambling Partners?

As a side note to Doc Holliday's two Las Vegas arrests for conducting a gambling operation, "The Kid," as in Billy the Kid, was arrested on July 1, 1879, for conducting an illegal monte game in Las Vegas. The "keeping [a] gaming table" charge was set for the August 1879 session of the San Miguel County District Court. The court docket also lists the same charge for the March 1880 court term. This time Billy did not appear in court to answer the gambling charge because he was in Lincoln County stealing cattle from John Chisum's brother, Jim.

Another side note concerns the possibility that the Kid and Doc Holliday may have gambled together. They were both arrested in Las Vegas, during the same month, and charged with conducting a gambling operation. They were both young gamblers, so maybe they played a game or two together.

Or, consider Henry Hoyt's story that Jesse James and Billy the Kid met at the Las Vegas Hot Springs in late July 1879. Consider the thought that Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and Doc Holliday might have shared a night of gambling and drinking.

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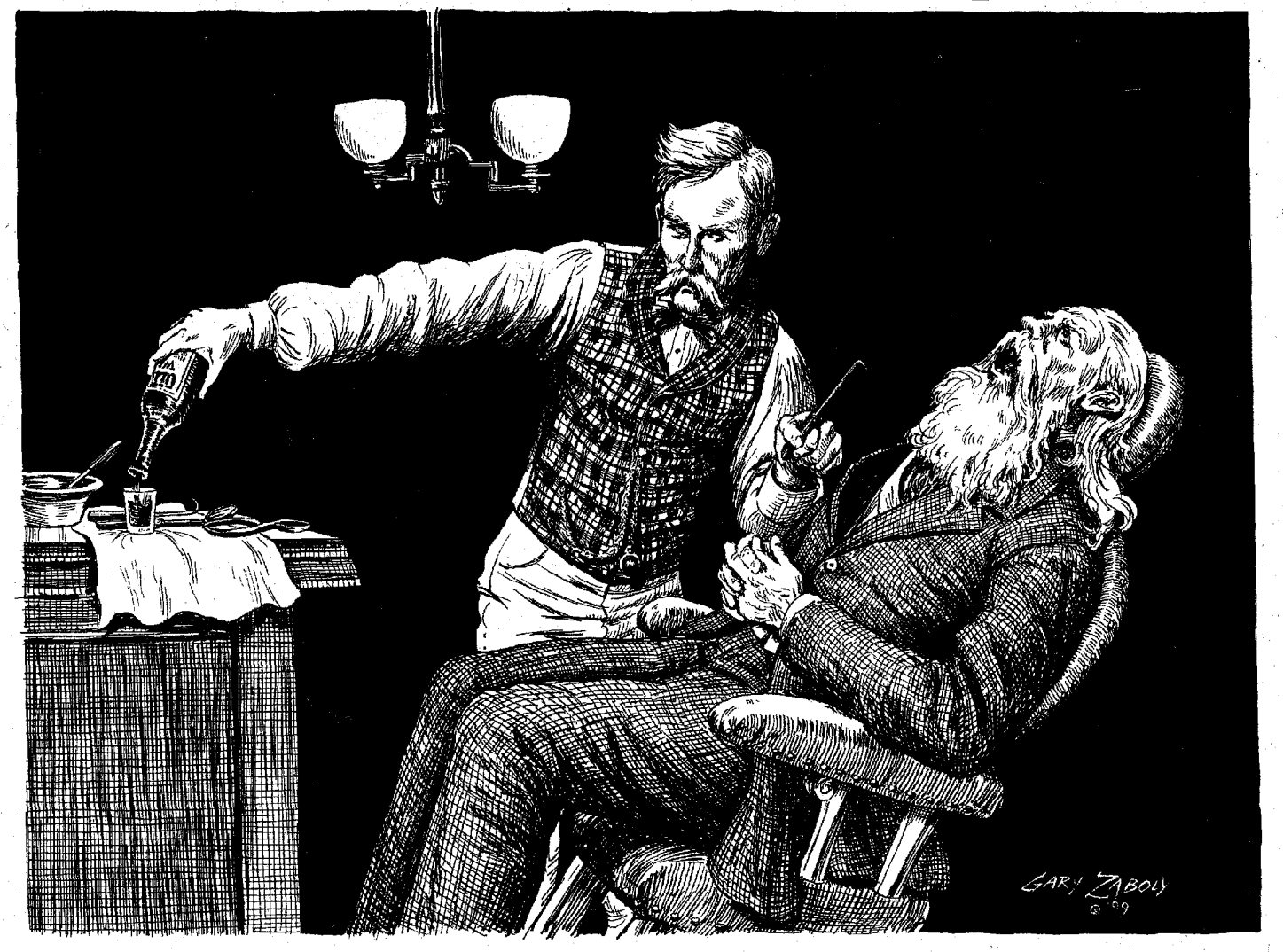
There is no advertisement for Holliday's dental office in the *Otero Optic*.



witnesses had seen Holliday shoot Gordon that one of them would have so testified.

It would seem that Doc Holliday closed both his Las Vegas and Otero dental offices after he and a limited partner, Jordan J. Webb, established a saloon and gambling house. The Holliday Saloon was in the heart of the new East Las Vegas "entertainment" district, one block west of the railroad station. San Miguel County deed records show that Doc Holliday leased a piece of property, with a twenty-five-foot frontage on Center Street, from Thomas L. Preston on July 20, 1879. Ten days later Holliday bought a eight-foot strip of land next to his saloon. This was most likely the access route to the gambling room in the rear of the saloon.

The Holliday Saloon was built by a carpenter named W.G. Ward for $372.50. Mortgage records show that John Holliday paid off the builder's contract lien on April 24, 1880. This one-story clapboard building, seventeen feet wide and thirty feet deep, no longer stands on the present-day site, listed as 605 East Lincoln Street.

The San Miguel County land deed records contain an interesting comment concerning Doc's marital status. They show that John Holliday bought his saloon holdings "...independent, apart from, voluntarily and without compulsion or illicit influence of his wife." Some historians claim that this statement supports Mary Katherine Harony's claim that she was married to Doc Holliday.

On Tuesday, August 12, 1879, Doc Holliday was arrested again and charged with "keeping [a] gaming table" in Case No. 990, *The Territory of New Mexico v. John Holliday*. He posted a $200 bail and was released from jail pending trial at the fall term of court. The next day Doc was arrested for "carrying [a] deadly weapon" and had to post a $100 appearance bond in Case No. 996.

In the second volume of his anti-Earp biography, *Wyatt Earp, The Man & The Myth*, Ed Bartholomew makes some false claims concerning an Earp arrest in Las Vegas. He says, "Wyatt was soon in 'business'

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in New Town, perhaps with Holliday at his old place, now moved 'uptown'....Both he [Wyatt] and Doc were promptly charged with 'gaming' and it may be they were actually operating in Old Town." Bartholomew then states "...there is a great lack of existing contemporary records," while still quoting data on Doc's arrests from the San Miguel County District Court records.

Bartholomew penned a constant barrage of venom about the untruthfulness of Stuart Lake's "Wyatt Earp autobiography." Yet he makes numerous false misstatements in his own works. The truth is simple. No mention of Wyatt Earp has been found in the San Miguel County court records or in the area's contemporary press that even suggests that Wyatt Earp was involved in any illegal activity while he was in northeastern New Mexico.

Case No. 990 and Case No. 996 were both scheduled for the spring 1880 term of the San Miguel County District Court, but by that time John Holliday was no longer a resident of New Mexico Territory. However, on Friday, March 12, Doc Holliday, who had returned to Las Vegas from Arizona for the trials, appeared in San Miguel District Court to answer the gambling charge. Upon the recommendation of Acting District Attorney Sidney A. Hubble, the district judge dismissed this charge and ordered that Holliday could "recover of the said plaintiff his costs in the behalf." Doc's $200 bond was returned by the court.

The criminal court docket was so full that the judge was unable to hear Holliday's Case No. 996 at the spring court session, so the trial was postponed until the fall term of court. In August 1880, for some unrecorded reason, the district judge dismissed the weapon's charge against Holliday and ordered his bail money returned. It is unknown if Holliday ever received this bail refund from the San Miguel County treasurer.

Fifty-six years after the Las Vegas events of 1879-1880, Miguel A. Otero, Jr., wrote that Doc Holliday "was quite a noted character in those days" and that he had "qualified at once for an appointment under the celebrated Earp Brothers, who had undertaken the job and did finally succeed in 'cleaning up' the town of Tombstone, Ariz." Otero also claimed that he met Doc "quite frequently and found him to be a very likable fellow." It should be noted that Otero doesn't make any mention of Big Nose Kate being with Holliday during John's spring 1880 visit to Las Vegas.

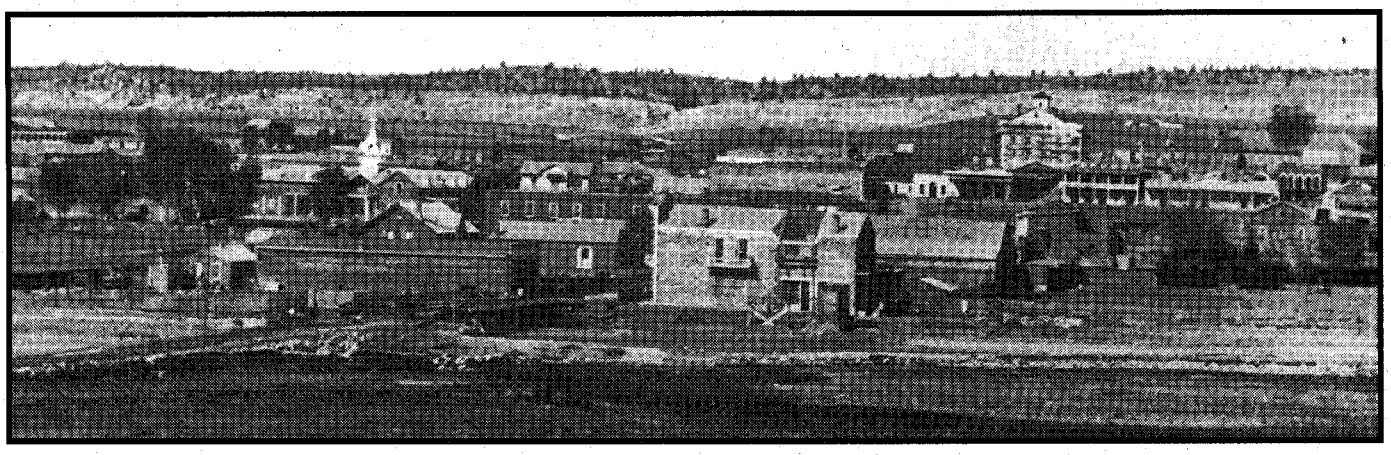
In 1879, Otero, the future territorial governor of New Mexico, was a twenty-year-old store clerk, from a prominent Hispanic family in West Las Vegas, and Doc Holliday was a twenty-eight-year-old "sporting man," from East Las Vegas. Both men were highly educated and both men understood how to conduct themselves within the bounds of proper social customs.

How much quality contact these two men, from different social and cultural worlds, may have had is pure speculation. Otero wrote that Holliday "had been a dentist in some small farming town in central Illinois...." Otero also told his readers that Holliday came west because he had been "jilted by the young lady" of his dreams, so Doc "decided to take his chances with killers and bad men." Most historians mention John Henry Holliday's tuberculosis as his reason for leaving his southern home for the arid Southwest.

Next, Otero claimed that Doc Holliday chose Dodge City "as the best locality to acquire a thorough education in the manly art of self-defense." Actually, Doc had learned to use firearms as a youth in Georgia and began his western adventure in Texas, by opening a dental office in Dallas.

The Earp party that left Dodge City in September 1879 traveled in two overland wagons (some sources called them stagecoaches), which were pulled by a team of work horses. Wyatt also had his remuda of race horses. Wyatt's older brother, James, his wife, Bessie, and their family, traveled in one wagon, while Wyatt and his companion, Celia Ann "Mattie" Blaylock, used the second wagon.

Most sources indicate that James Earp's family was composed of a stepdaughter named Hattie Ketchum and a stepson named Frank. The 1880 federal census,



Western Publications' Archives

Bridge Street of "Old Town" Las Vegas, New Mexico, circa 1880.

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Bridge Street looking east, Las Vegas, New Mexico, circa 1892.

Western Publications' Archives

taken at Tombstone, lists James Earp as a thirty-nine-year-old saloonkeeper with a thirty-six-year-old wife named Bessie. The special 1875 Kansas State Census, taken at Wichita, lists Bessie Earp as a thirty-four-year-old "sporting woman." If the Kansas census was correct, then Bessie would have been thirty-nine years old in 1880, the same age as her husband.

The Nicholas P. Earp family Bible records that son James Cooksey Earp had been born on June 28, 1841, at Hartford, Kentucky, so Jim would have been thirty-nine in 1880. On a 1912 application for a military pension, for his Civil War service, James Earp said he had married a widow named Nellie Bartlett Ketchum on April 18, 1873. James lists his children as a son, Frank, born in February 1874, and a daughter named Hattie, born in June 1875, then adds that they "both are dead now."

Hattie Earp is listed as being sixteen years old on the 1880 census, taken at Tombstone. Recently discovered evidence seems to prove that in his anti-Earp book, *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone,* Frank Waters created a fictional account of young Hattie receiving a "strappin" from her father for sneaking out of the house one night with a young cowboy. Waters has Allie Earp commenting on the incident by saying, "I always thought she was sweet on one of the McLowery [sic] brothers." Waters then says, "The statement needs no embroidery." Waters then implies that this misconduct helped to fuel the bitterness between the Earps and the McLaurys.

The Hattie Earp-McLaury brother romance is pure Frank Waters fiction, but the real teenage Hattie Earp did enjoy a Tombstone courtship. The Earp's Tombstone neighbor, Nona Neff, states, in a 1935 letter to the Arizona Historical Society, that young Hattie Earp was courted by and married a man named Harris while she lived in Tombstone. Nothing is said about Hattie's brother, Frank.

The Earp legend, as told by Stuart Lake, has James and Wyatt making the long overland journey across the Kansas plains and the panhandle of Indian Territory before entering New Mexico. Lake wrote that two weeks after the Earps left Dodge City that Doc Holliday, who had gone to Dodge City looking for Wyatt, located the Earp party in the Indian Nations and then joined the wagon train for the trip west to Tombstone. A quick study of an area map would indicate that Lake's route for the Earp party was not the most direct route to reach New Mexico, or Arizona, from Kansas.

One possible reason for this odd route out of Kansas is contained in an early 1930s interview with Mrs. Mary (Kate) Cummings, later to become Kate Holliday, given to Dr. A.W. Bork. Bork's notes say that Kate claimed that Wyatt Earp's team was composed of stolen horses. No known contemporary evidence supports the stolen horses claim.

It would, however, make more sense to believe that the Earps had loaded their wagons and horses onto a railroad car, at Dodge City, and rode the rails to Las Vegas. This shortened travel time also fits the time frame for the Earps' reported early arrival in northern

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New Mexico. The September 30, 1879, *Ford County Globe,* noted that Wyatt Earp was settled in Las Vegas in late September.

Ed Bartholomew, in his 1964 book *Wyatt Earp, The Man & The Myth,* claims that both Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday traveled to Cimarron, seat of Colfax County, during September 1879. He even suggests that Wyatt and Doc (nothing is said about James Earp and his family, who were traveling with Wyatt at this time), and their caravan of "sporting women," spent a few days gambling and fleecing the good folk of the Cimarron country.

Bartholomew used a comment by Isaac Rhinehart of Tascosa, Texas, as his source for the 1879 visit to Cimarron. Rhinehart had been a rancher and Cimarron businessman who had also served as the Colfax County sheriff in 1876.

In the 1960s, one myth-making Cimarron businessman promoted a "Wyatt Earp room" at the historic St. James Hotel. Tom Hilton, then the hotel's manager, also claimed that Bat Masterson, John Ringo, Jesse James, Bob Ford, Elfego Baca, Bill Cody, Annie Oakley, and all the members of the Tom "Black Jack" Ketchum gang had each stayed at the St. James Hotel. The present hotel was not built until 1880.

In his 1970 book, *Nevermore Cimarron Nevermore,* Hilton states that Wyatt and Morgan Earp, along with "a retinue of dance hall girls and their wives," brought their "crooked gambling equipment" in search of a new place to fleece. Morgan Earp could not have been in Cimarron with Wyatt because Morgan is documented as being a Butte, Montana, peace officer during the fall of 1879. Hilton also wrote that the "old timers spat in great disgust" because none of the Earp brothers had caused any trouble during their fictional stay in Cimarron.

Hilton wrote that if Clay Allison had still been living in the Cimarron area "one or two men would have died." This dig is a fashionable slap at the legendary Earp-Allison encounter in Dodge City. The Earp section ends with Hilton stating that Doc Holliday had been in Cimarron in 1878 "...trying to recruit men for the [Colorado] railroad war." The hotel manager finally claimed, "It was upon leaving Cimarron that they [Wyatt and Morgan] first came in contact with the mad little dentist, Doc Holliday."

It is very doubtful that Wyatt Earp visited Cimarron, New Mexico, in the fall of 1879. Evidence suggests that Wyatt and Josephine Marcus Earp visited the Cimarron country for the first time in the winter of 1884 [see "Wyatt Earp's New Mexico Adventures," Summer 1999, *Old West*].

Some researchers believe that East Las Vegas Justice of the Peace H.G. Neill named both John Holliday and Wyatt Earp as "special officers" so that they could wear their pistols while dealing faro in Holliday's saloon. These appointments would not have been unusual because it was a common practice along the frontier to have special officers act as legal bouncers in saloons.

If Wyatt Earp did serve as a East Las Vegas officer, he would have then been a lawman in Missouri, Kansas, and New Mexico, before wearing a badge in Arizona. Interestingly, the November 27, 1880, *Dodge City Times* reported that Wyatt Earp had served as a special messenger for Wells, Fargo while he was in New Mexico. Hopefully these "lost" Wells, Fargo records will someday shed some light on the claim.

How long the Earps stayed in Las Vegas is unknown, but another news report from a Las Vegas resident to the October 28, 1879, *Ford County Globe* said that James Masterson had visited with Wyatt Earp in Las Vegas the week before. However, Dodge City police records, printed in the *Dodge City Times,* indicate that Jim Masterson was actually on duty in Kansas during the week in question.

It is difficult to believe the *Globe*'s statement about Wyatt Earp still being in the Las Vegas area in late October 1879. The *Arizona Weekly Miner,* published at Prescott, informed its readers on November 14, 1879, that Constable Virgil Earp was about to leave for Tombstone. Wyatt Earp claimed, under oath, in his statement during the court hearing investigating the 1881 street fight with the cowboys, that he had arrived in Tombstone on December 1, 1879. Tombstone District mining records support this early date, showing that Wyatt Earp filed a mining claim on December 9 of that year.

An overland trip from Las Vegas (through Apache Canyon, over Glorieta Pass, down to Albuquerque, across the Rio Grande, west toward northern Arizona, and then on to Prescott) would have taken about two months. Even if the Earps had gone down the Rio Grande from Albuquerque, past Socorro, to the Las Cruces area then west toward Arizona, bypassing the trip to Prescott, and then directly to Tombstone, it would have required six weeks or more of travel. The southern route would have been through hostile Indian country.

Wyatt Earp did not return to New Mexico Territory for over two years. However, some historians have suggested that Wyatt Earp was part of a posse that was hunting cattle rustlers in the summer of 1881 near Cloverdale, New Mexico.

In her 1935 memoirs, Mrs. George (Kate Holliday) Cummings claimed that the Earps arrived in Las Vegas one day in mid-October 1879. "He [Wyatt] persuaded us to go to Arizona with them. We pulled out the next afternoon." If that statement is true, then the Earps were merely tourists in the Territory in 1879.

Wyatt Earp was in New Mexico Territory during the fall of 1879, but there is little evidence to support a protracted stay. It would seem, however, that Doctor and Mrs. John Henry Holliday spent almost a year in northeastern New Mexico before marching to their destiny in neighboring Arizona Territory.

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Those Deadly Dens of Denver

By R.K. DeArment

From its beginnings as a gold rush camp in 1858 until the First World War, Denver, Colorado, was renowned—and denounced—for its sporting district. Within the Denver tenderloin, drinking, gambling, and whoring, the three great temptations for young men, became major industries and emporiums of booze, bets, and broads flourished for over half a century. The names of Denver's top professional sporting folk, saloonkeepers, casino owners, burlesque theater operators, professional gamblers, con men, and parlor house madams, names like Charlie Harrison, W.B. "Bat" Masterson, Edward "Big Ed" Chase, Clifton Bell, William "Billy" Cates, Johnny Murphy, the brothers Charlie and Pete Pierson, Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith, Jim Moon, Charles "Doc" Baggs, Jim Jordan, Jennie Rogers, Mattie Silks, and Verona Baldwin, were recognized throughout the West.

For more than fifty years Denver was considered the biggest, most wide open sporting town from Chicago to San Francisco. In 1883, for instance, Police Chief Billy Smith counted no less than 40 gambling houses in operation and listed 275 houses of prostitution, "including cigar stores [with] brazen women sitting in the windows." He did not attempt to enumerate the drinking establishments, saloons, and wine rooms, numbering in the hundreds.

Within the tenderloin a volatile mixture of human passions were stirred: the lusts and jealousies of the bawdy theaters and brothels, the greed and rapacity of the gambling rooms, the anger and resentment triggered by fleecing con men, all heightened by alcohol's inhibition-erasing effect. As might be expected, violence erupted frequently in the sporting district and the vice centers were the scenes of some of Denver's most notori-

Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library

The Palace Variety Theater and Gambling Parlors, scene of many violent encounters, was called a "death trap to young men, a foul den of vice and corruption."

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ous homicides.

During the city's first two years, 1859 and 1860, according to one city historian, "murders at the Criterion, Cibola Hall, Mountain Boys, Louisiana, St. Charles, Adler's, and Club House saloons accounted for almost half of Denver's homicides." Two of these killings involved Charlie Harrison, the first of Denver's celebrated professional gamblers.

In Cibola Hall on July 12, 1860, Harrison shot and killed "Professor" Charles Stark, a popular Negro blacksmith, when Stark attacked him with a knife. Harrison was not even arrested for this shooting.

Four months later, on November 25, 1860, in Harrison's Criterion Saloon on Larimer Street, a drunken rancher named James Hill called bartender Rocky Thomas a vile name and Harrison shot him to death. "He shouldn't have called my man a sonofabitch," he said. This time Harrison stood trial for murder, but the jury hopelessly deadlocked and the case was dismissed.

It was in the summer of 1875 that consumptive dentist and gambler-gunman John Henry "Doc" Holliday dealt faro in John A. Babb's Theatre Comique at 357 Blake Street in Denver. He was going by the name Tom Mackey when, in the words of Bat Masterson, he "carved up the face and neck of one Bud Ryan, a quiet and gentlemanly looking sport, in a frightful manner." Holliday researchers have been unable to document this affray in newspaper or court records, but Masterson, who lived and worked in the Denver tenderloin for twenty years and knew both Holliday and Ryan well, insisted the story was true.

The Missouri Club, operated by Jeff Argyle, was the scene of several shootings. On October 24, 1890, gambler Robert Ronan was killed there by another sporting man who was never brought to trial. Later another gambler remembered only as "The Black Prince" murdered a patron in the place.

In the gambling house of Joe Gavin and Bob Austin on March 12, 1894, James Young was killed by the blow of a fist. At the trial the jury could not agree and the assailant went free.

On February 11, 1899, veteran sporting man "Rowdy Joe" Lowe was shot to death by a former policeman named Emmanuel A. Kimmel in Mart Watrous's saloon at 1527 Curtis Street. Although Lowe was unarmed at the time, he carried a fearsome reputation as a dangerous killer and had publicly threatened the life of the former cop. Kimmel was acquitted.

Many Denver dives seemed to glory in their sanguinary notoriety; one was called The Morgue and another The Bucket of Blood. But the three places best remembered for murderous activity during the heyday of the Denver tenderloin are the Palace, the Arcade, and Murphy's Exchange.

The Palace Variety Theater and Gambling Parlors, 1443-1457 Blake Street at the corner of Fifteenth, was a large, two-story building erected by Ed Chase in the mid-1870s. Its second floor theater seated 750 burlesque fans, while downstairs twenty-five dealers in the gambling rooms could accommodate 200 players. The Palace was renowned for its well-stocked bar with a sixty-foot back-bar mirror, and its delicious midnight suppers featuring roast beef, pork, venison, antelope cutlets, breast of prairie chicken, wild turkey, and quail.

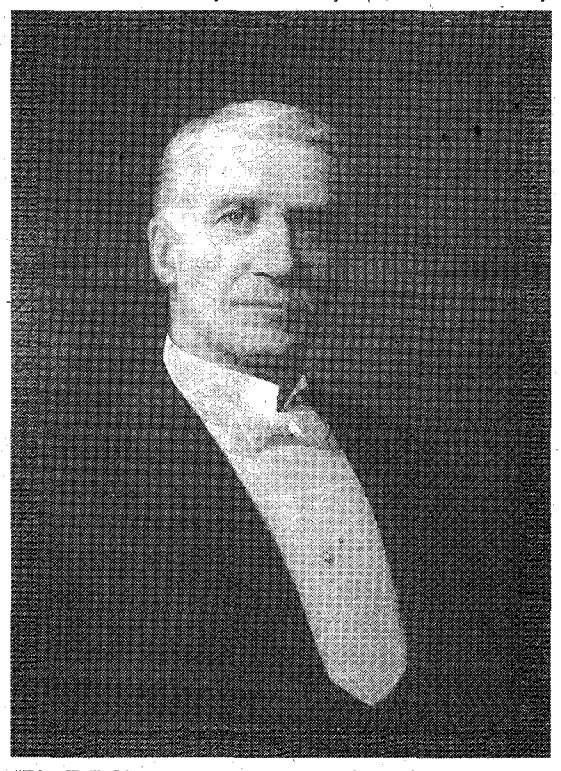
The shows in the theater were very risqué for the time. A visitor in 1879 wrote back East that "the dancing and singing of the girls who were very liberal showing their legs and bosoms was of the most 'loud' character. The place was as hard a one as I ever was

The Kings...

Courtesy Colorado Historical Society

Former Pony Express rider William "Billy" Cates made a fortune in Denver gambling and on his deathbed gave it away to broken-down gamblers.

Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library



"Big Ed" Chase ran a number of gambling establishments in Denver, including, at times, The Palace and the Arcade.

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in. The after piece, 'The Mormons,' would raise a blush on the cheek of an Indian, it was so dirty."

Entertainment ran continuously from 9:00 AM to 4:00 AM and featured some of the vaudeville circuit's top-flight performers, including Eddie Foy and his partner, Jim Thompson, and a number of sister acts: the Barbours, the Duncans, the Emersons, the Hollands, and the Wallaces. Between stints in the chorus line, "pretty waiter girls" hustled drinks to patrons on the theater floor and provided "special services" to free spending sports in curtained booths. Female performers who appeared on the boards of the Palace later became wives of three gambling figures who had a financial interest in the establishment. Ed Chase and his partner, Ed Gaylord, married the Barbour sisters, Frankie and Addie. Bat Masterson and a blond song-and-dance girl named Emma Walter met at the Palace, took up housekeeping, and lived together as man and wife for thirty years, although no record has ever been found of an official marriage.

From its earliest days, the Palace had a scandalous reputation. Henry Martyn Hart, dean of Denver's St. John's Cathedral, pronounced the place "a death trap to young men, a foul den of vice and corruption." The Palace was literally a "death trap" for some, and the homicides committed there contributed greatly to its unsavory reputation.

On February 27, 1879, two gamblers tangled in the Palace and David Stubblefield shot and killed John Martin. Stubblefield was convicted and sentenced to a ten-year term in the penitentiary. A very sick man, he received a pardon and died a little more than a year later.

A spate of homicides committed in the Palace—four within thirteen months—prompted the *Denver Republican* in 1888 to denounce the resort as a "human slaughter-house...., a thoroughly tough, hard place, frequented by a class of desperate, depraved men and women. The employees are, almost without exception, of the worst possible character." The *Georgetown Courier* agreed: "From the amount of blood that has been spilled in that den, its floors must be of a gorgeous, gory red color."

The killings began on the night of November 13, 1887. Charles E. Henry, the ne'er-do-well nineteen-year-old son of a prominent Canadian clergyman, had arrived in Denver flush with $75,000 he had won in the Louisiana lottery. At the Palace he became infatuated with Effie Moore, a seventeen-year-old "pretty waiter girl." His proposal of marriage was accepted, but when Henry learned that Effie already had a husband, he flew into a rage, pulled out a .32-caliber, double-action, English Bulldog revolver, and shot Effie four times. She died in one of the Palace's private boxes. The case caused a sensation in Denver. Mourners totaling 4,500, and described by a newspaper as "the very motley, loudly dressed tin-horn gamblers, actors, actresses, cowboys, bartenders," filed past to view her body as it lay in the coroner's office.

Henry was acquitted on ground of "emotional insanity," "transitory frenzy," and "acting very queerly." Four years later in Dallas, Texas, he reportedly became infatuated by another young girl and killed her also.

Little more than six months later, on June 4, 1888, Daniel Burke died from a gunshot wound inflicted in the Palace, and his killer was also acquitted.

On the fourteenth of November of that year a general melee erupted in the Palace. The battle spilled out into the street where Peter Anderson, a bartender, shot R.D. Vaughn to death on the sidewalk. At his trial Anderson entered a plea of self-defense, claiming that Vaughn attacked him with a two-by-four. He, too, was acquitted.

Less than three weeks later, on December 2, 1888, A.W. Munson shot and killed Thomas Gallagher in the upstairs barroom of the Palace. The death was declared an accident.

Newspaper editorials roundly denounced the increasing violence in the infamous resort. Aroused citizens began a petition drive to force its closing, but the campaign ended in failure and the Palace remained open well into the twentieth century.

Rivaling the Palace for gory history were two establishments perched side by side on Larimer Street, the Arcade at 1613 and Murphy's Exchange at 1617. The two-story building housing these notorious resorts was erected during a flurry of construction in 1880, about the same time as the Tabor block directly across the street and the resplendent Windsor Hotel, two blocks up Larimer.

The Arcade first opened in September 1880 as a fine restaurant managed by Barney Slack and James Fisher. John Elitch, who later built Elitch Gardens, a famous Denver amusement park, was the first chef. The Arcade's second floor was handsomely outfitted for gambling, with a mahogany bar and furniture, expensive chandeliers, and a leaded glass skylight depicting a faro tiger.

One of the Old West's best-known anecdotes reportedly had its origin in the Arcade gambling rooms. A poker player sitting across from a one-eyed man is said to have pulled out a pistol, laid it on the table, and announced that, while not mentioning any names, he wanted it known that if the cheating did not stop, he would shoot out the cheater's other eye.

John E. Wilcoxen, alias Jim Moon, a frontier sport of wide experience, was the first to manage the Arcade's gambling rooms. A big, burly man with a hair-trigger temper, Moon was known in Denver as the town bully, but he was praised in the press when, on October 31, 1880, during the height of an anti-Chinese riot, he stood in the doorway of his establishment with a six-shooter in each hand and defied a drunken mob intent on beating and lynching Orientals. Moon was credited with saving the lives of sixteen Chinese by hiding them in the basement of the Arcade.

On June 16, 1881, Jim Moon and Clay Wilson, another well-known gambler and con man, tangled in the Arcade. The trouble was over a woman. An infuriated Moon grabbed Wilson and crushed him in a powerful bear-hug, but Wilson was able to get his pistol out and

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pump four bullets into his adversary, killing him. A grand jury refused to indict him and Wilson was released.

Following Moon's demise, gambling in the Arcade was managed by some of the top names in Denver sporting circles. William "Billy" Cates, a former Pony Express rider, worked the Arcade before becoming wealthy with his own Cates Club on Curtis Street. Ed Chase, "Square-Shooter" Johnny Hughes, Pete and Charlie Pierson, Bat Masterson, and Vaso Chucovich all supervised the Arcade's action at one time or another.

Charlie Pierson was the featured player in the most memorable faro game in the Arcade's history. Pierson became a professional gambler at Leadville during the boom of 1878 and made enough money to buy a stock ranch near Glenwood. He came to Denver in the later 1880s and bought a third interest in the Arcade gaming rooms, with Johnny Hughes and Ed Chase as partners. One night he got the urge to buck the tiger at one of the faro tables in his own establishment, and buck it he did. His play extended well into the next morning, by which time he had lost all his cash and his interest in the Arcade. He had also heavily mortgaged his ranch. Neither Pierson or his former partners ever revealed the total extent of his losses, but estimates ranged from $50,000 to $100,000.

Two legendary frontier lawmen, Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp, dealt faro at the Arcade during these years. There is a story that Masterson once rather rudely escorted the city's police chief (or the mayor, as another version had it) from the resort. Bat had ignored messages conveyed by police subordinates to appear in the city offices, and the chief himself went to round him up. "Masterson listened to the chief for a minute," reported a newspaper, "then calmly reached out two fingers, twined them about the official's nose and escorted him from the hall."

For many years the Arcade was headquarters for the "Soap Gang," named for its leader, Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith, who in turn got his nickname from his scam of peddling at exorbitant prices bars of soap which were supposedly wrapped in greenbacks. A rival crowd of card-sharps and bunko artists known as the California Gang, because most of its members had been run out of San Francisco in an 1873 cleanup, claimed the adjacent Murphy's Exchange as its stomping grounds.

Murphy's developed an even more unsavory reputation than the Arcade and became known by denizens of the Denver tenderloin as "The Slaughterhouse." There, on October 4, 1886, Bat Masterson was shot in the leg in an altercation over a woman. No charges were filed and the affair was deemed accidental.

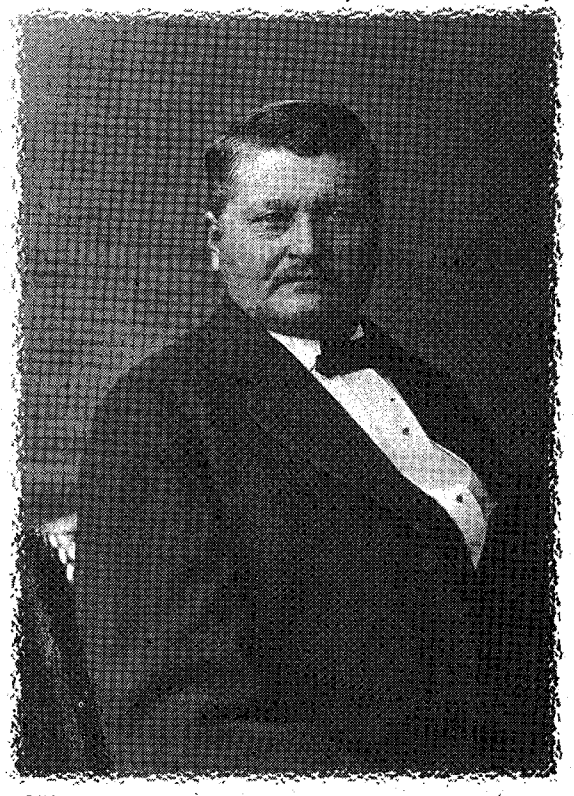
Six years later Masterson lost a close friend as a result of a "Slaughterhouse" homicide, when Frank Marshall, prodigal son of a prominent Denver family, gunned down prizefighter John Clow, one-time heavyweight champion of the Rockies. Marshall was tried and acquitted. Masterson, who had once managed Clow's ring career, commented bitterly that the jury evidently believed "that it was no crime for the degenerate son of wealthy parents to kill a prizefighter without cause or provocation."

There were three murders committed in Murphy's Exchange within two years. The most widely publicized, perhaps, occurred on October 11, 1892, and grew out of a struggle over control of Denver's confidence game activity. Among Soapy Smith's competitors and enemies who made Murphy's Exchange their hangout was Corteze Thompson, one-time champion footracer, later gambler and "solid man" of madam Mattie Silks. Others were

Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library

John E. Wilcoxen, alias Jim Moon, the first to manage gambling in the Arcade, was shot to death there.

Courtesy Colorado Historical Society



Clifton Bell was a prominent figure in Denver gambling circles for years.

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Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

W.B. "Bat" Masterson lived and worked in the Denver tenderloin for twenty years and found a wife on the Palace stage.

notorious bunco man Charles "Doc" Baggs, said to be the inventor of the gold brick scam, and veteran confidence operator Henry Gilmore, known in Denver as "Jim Jordan." When Smith and his cohorts transferred their operation to Creede, Colorado, during the mining boom of 1892, Jordan and a slick Saint Louis gambler named Cliff Sparks, renowned for the $2,500 headlight diamond he sported on his chest, attempted to take over Denver's swindling rackets.

The Soap Gang hurried back to Denver and Smith dispatched "Troublesome Tom" Cady, a tough and dangerous lieutenant, to administer punishment. Cady found Jordan in the Missouri Club and beat him over the head with the loaded end of the sword cane he always carried. Police arrested Cady while Jordan retired to Murphy's to nurse his bloodied cranium. Soapy Smith bailed out his pal Cady and the two headed for Murphy's.

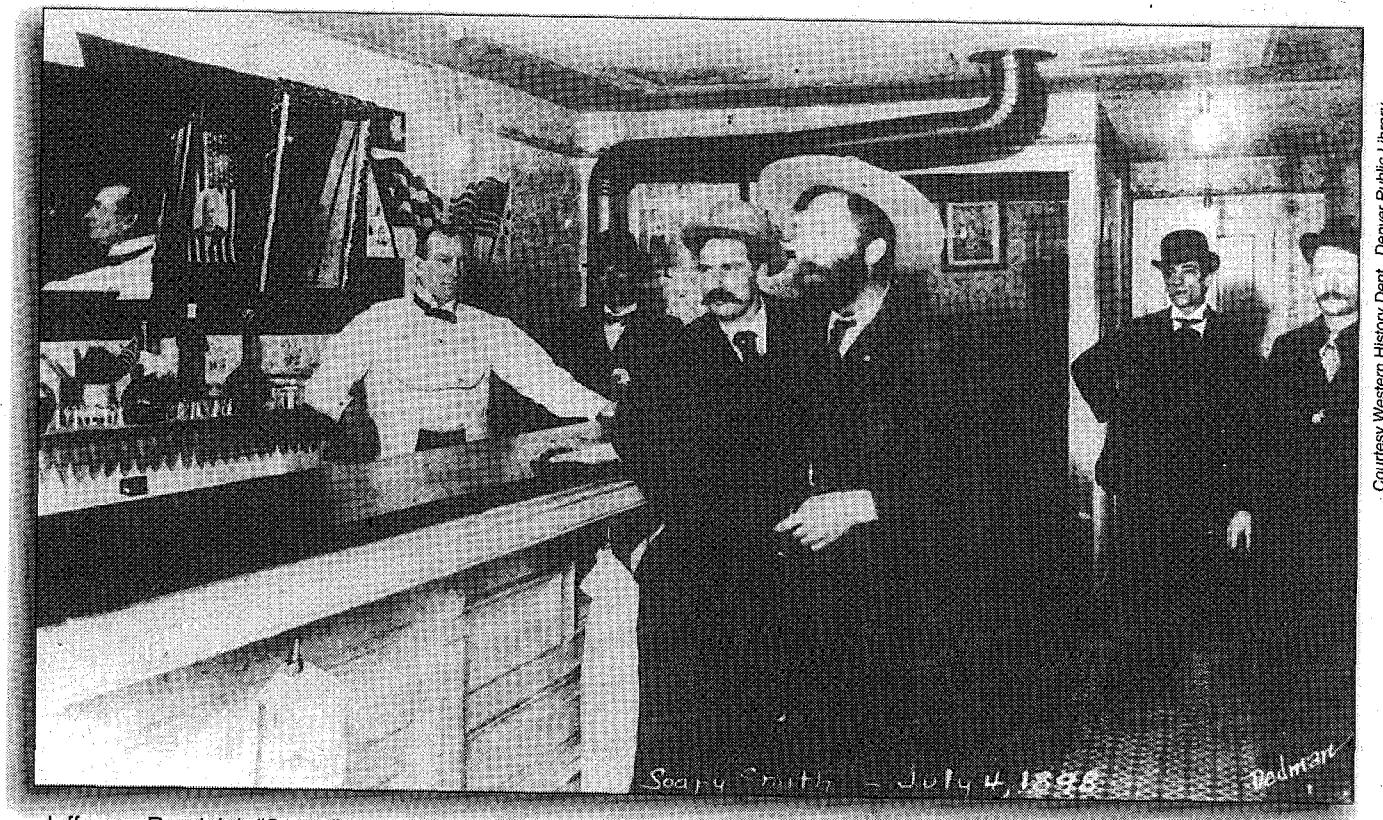
Among the crowd there were Jordan, Cliff Sparks, Cort Thompson, and tinhorn gambler Bill Crooks. Tom Cady, also known as "Sure-Shot," wasted no time in pleasantries. He pulled out a gun and shot Cliff Sparks dead.

"They've killed Cliff! They've killed my dear old pal!" screamed Bill Crooks, falling to his knees and burying his face in the dead man's chest. Later it was found that Sparks' famous diamond stud was missing, bitten off by Crooks.

Tom Cady was convicted of the murder and sentenced to a ten-year term in the state penitentiary at Canon City.

Beginning about the turn of the century, the Denver tenderloin went into a gradual decline; enactment of a statewide prohibition law in 1916 finished it. By that time most of the characters who had made the district so colorful had died or moved on.

Charlie Harrison, Denver's first notable gambler and gunfighter,



Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library

Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith, foreground, Denver's most notorious skin game operator, made his headquarters in the Arcade. He is shown here in a Skagway, Alaska, saloon on July 4, 1898, four days before he was killed in a gunfight.

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was long since dead. With the outbreak of the Civil War, he had left the mile-high city and returned east to become an officer in the Confederate Army. He held the rank of lieutenant colonel in May 1863 when he led a band of raiders toward Denver with the aim of capturing the gold reserves there for the Confederacy, but Osage Indians ambushed his party in Kansas, killing Harrison and most of his command.

Doc Holliday's violent career as a western gunman-gambler came to an end on November 8, 1887, at Glenwood Springs, Colorado. At the age of thirty-six, he finally succumbed to the tuberculosis gnawing at his lungs.

Soapy Smith joined the Alaskan gold rush and took his gang to Skagway. There, on July 8, 1898, he engaged in a gun battle with a man named Frank Reid and both combatants died. Soapy was thirty-eight.

Cort Thompson was fifty-three when he died on April 10, 1900, at Wray, Colorado, from what *The Rocky Mountain News* called the effects of a lifetime spent in whiskey and opium dissipation.

Thompson's devoted lover, Mattie Silks, outlived him by almost three decades. She died in Denver on January 7, 1929, at the age of eighty-three.

Mattie also survived her long-time parlor house competitor, Jennie Rogers, by twenty years. Jennie, madam of the famed "House of Mirrors," at 1942 Market Street, died in Denver on October 17, 1909, at the age of sixty-six.

When Billy Cates lay on his deathbed in 1911, he instructed Ed Chase to distribute his estate among destitute gamblers. "There are plenty of folks to help women and children," he said, "but nobody cares for broken-down old men." Chase carried out the dying man's wishes, and when Cates' funds were exhausted, continued the philanthropic program with his own capital.

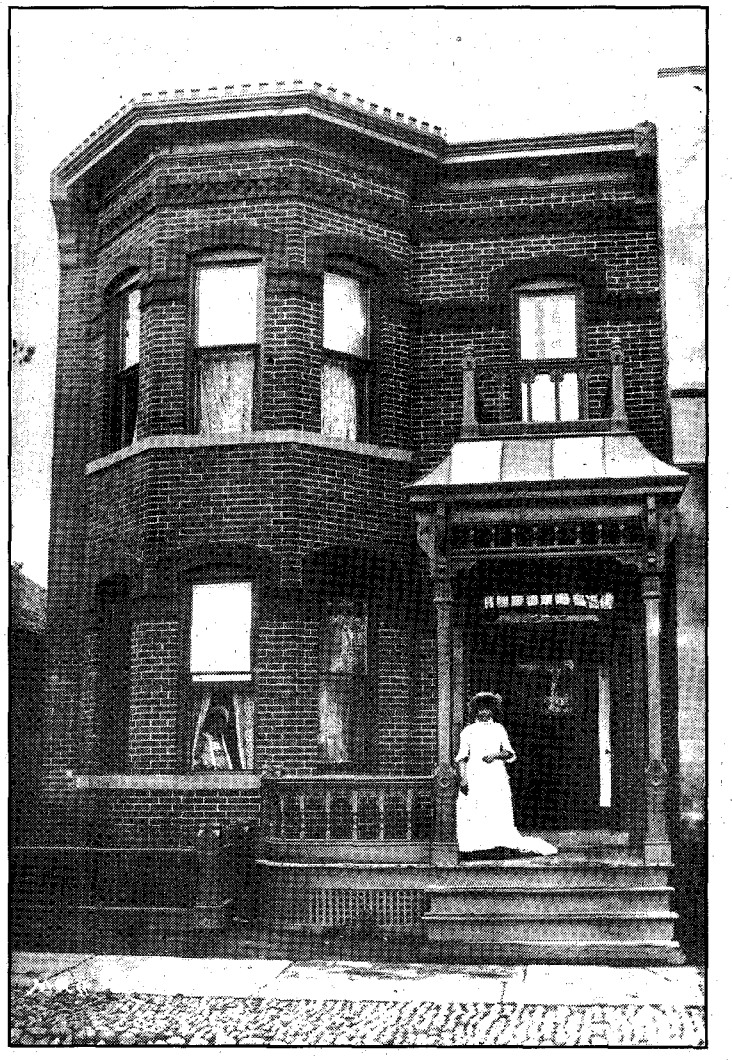
Clay Wilson, the man who killed Jim Moon in the Arcade, partnered Doc Baggs in confidence games all over the country in later years. At Dayton, Ohio, in 1912, the bunco men took a man named Taylor for $15,000. Arrested and sentenced to a three-year prison term, Wilson filed an appeal and jumped bond. He was seventy when he died at San Francisco in 1917.

When Harry Gilmore, alias Jim Jordan, died on the operating table at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore in April 1918, newspapers called him "one of the most noted all-around crooks and confidence men [and] one of the most desperate gun men and fighters in America." He was seventy-eight.

Tom Cady, who beat Jordan mercilessly with his sword cane and killed Cliff Sparks, served out his term for the murder, but came out of prison "a physical and mental wreck," according to a Denver paper, and died soon afterward.

The proprietor of the notorious Murphy's Exchange also did time in the Colorado state penitentiary. Johnny Murphy served two years of a six-year sentence for killing his wife and died in 1902 at the age of fifty-four.

Western Publications Archives



Denver houses of prostitution, like this Holliday Street brothel, maintained a steady business well into the twentieth century.

That same year Bat Masterson left Denver and settled in New York City, where he gained new fame as a sports writer and boxing ring authority. He was sixty-seven when he died at his newspaper desk on October 25, 1921, after writing his column.

Ed Chase had preceded Bat in death only a month earlier; on September 27, 1921, he died in Denver at the age of eighty-two.

Chase's long-time partner in the operation of the Palace, Ed Gaylord, died April 10, 1923.

So, one by one, they dropped off, the flamboyant characters who frequented those deadly dens of Denver and for more than half a century made the mile-high city's sporting district one of the most fascinating, thrilling, and dangerous places in the West.

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Tombstone's Dragon Lady

Author's Collection

China Mary controlled all of the Chinese labor in Tombstone, including prostitution and drug trafficking.

Nineteenth century Chinese emigrants came to America under a system of contract, which paid their passage and for which they were to labor for a stated term. The business of hiring them out and governing their affairs was controlled by Chinese companies, to which they owed faith and fealty. So many Chinese came to America that the number of these Chinese companies increased to six, and they soon came to be called the "Six Companies." They were all distinctly separate, but operated on the same principles. All had the same laws and customs, such as their idolatry, worship of ancestors, and the obligation to the Chinese dead.

Death was never feared by the Chinese because of this company obligation. Each Chinese had the promise of the Six Companies that their bones would be returned to China for burial. Consequently, following a Chinese death, the sickening stench of burning flesh could be smelled in the Chinese section

By Ben Traywick

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of town. The bones were scraped clean, then wrapped in cloth or paper and sealed in zinc-lined boxes for shipment to China.

In the 1870s, Collis P. Huntington built a southern transcontinental railroad through Arizona. Hundreds of Chinese were employed in the construction of this railroad. When the road was completed, the Chinese settled in nearby towns. A few settled in with the local Indian tribes and some took new Spanish names and became vaqueros.

The new town settlers found employment as woodcutters, miners, charcoal manufacturers, vegetable gardeners, cooks, servants, and laundry men.

Several hundred Chinese settled in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, during the silver boom. These particular Chinese seemed to be predominately from the Sam Yap and Sze Yap areas of China.

The Chinese were first regarded with open suspicion by the people of Tombstone, mainly due to their unusual cultural traits. The "round eyes" just did not understand that peach blossoms brought long life and that white narcissus flowers brought good fortune, nor that the queue worn by the Chinese men was a sign of loyalty to the Ch' ing dynasty of Manchuria, which dominated all China from 1644 to 1911. Nor could they understand that the Chinese men were pleased by the bound feet of their women, signifying that a woman's position was in the home and that she should stay there. To the white people such a practice was simply the cruel and intentional maiming of helpless young girls.

Saloonkeepers, store keepers, and gamblers bitterly opposed the Chinese. True, the Chinese had vices such as opium and gambling, but even then their money went to other Chinese. The ill will toward the Chinese first began because all of them lived and dressed just as they had in China. They did not patronize the local businessman any more than was absolutely necessary. All their clothing and food, mostly rice, they imported from China. They spent nothing except for the bare necessities of life. Therefore, it was easy for the people of Tombstone to come to the conclusion that the Chinese were of no value to the town, or even to the country. Since they contributed nothing to the community, they were considered a public nuisance.

All in all, the Chinese were hard working and frugal, and could count no tramps or bums among them. Still, they were not considered desirable citizens. Their quarters smelled of filth and were overcrowded. They maintained all their Asiatic customs, and hated the "white devils" among whom they lived. That is understandable considering some of the treatment they received. But even by Tombstone standards, the Chinese were highly immoral, selling their women and female children, exercising a system of female slavery.

The Chinese section of Tombstone was called "Hoptown" by the "round eyes" and extended from Third Street west to First Street and from Fremont Street south to Toughnut and below. All the Chinese lived in this area, honeycombed with underground tunnels, gambling and opium dens. Dusk always brought the sweet odor of opium to the evening breeze.

The Chinese emigrants brought much of old China to Tombstone with them. Although they lived their lives there, raised their children and died there, they steadfastly kept to life and worship just as their ancestors had for thousands of years. Their headquarters, or joss house, was lavishly decorated with mahogany and teak woods. Brass, gold, and jade-carved idols of ancient Chinese gods and goddesses and the embroidered trappings symbolized how much of ancient China was in Tombstone.

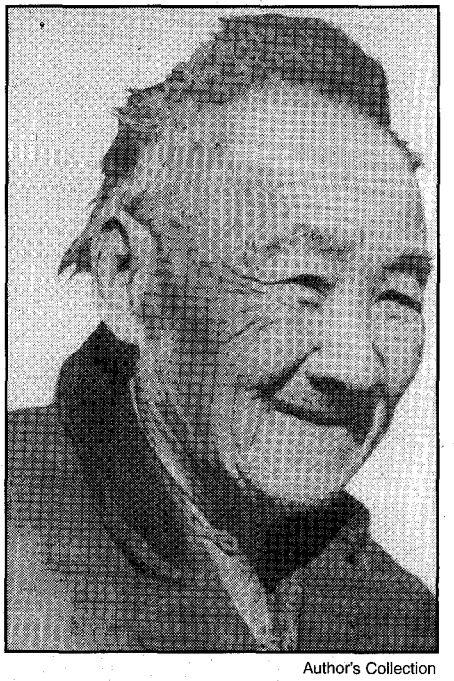
China Mary first appeared in Tombstone in 1880. She was a buxom, healthy Chinese woman, who wore heavy brocaded silks and large amounts of rare jewelry. She was to become the absolute ruler of Tombstone's Hoptown and all its denizens. She not only ruled them, but virtually owned them body, life, and soul.

Her word and her decisions were undisputed and none dared to disobey.

It was extremely unusual for a woman—any woman—to occupy such a position in the American West. The only plausible explanation is that she was somehow connected with the Six Companies. This totally unusual woman was

Author's Collection

Ah Lum, husband to China Mary, and operator of the Can-Can Restaurant.



Author's Collection

Quong Gee Kee was a partner in the Can-Can Restaurant with Ah Lum.

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IN THE RECORDER'S COURT, CITY OF TOMBSTONE
CACHISE COUNTY, TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

Before Wells Spicer acting

The Mayor and Common Council
of the City of Tombstone,
Plaintiffs.
v.
Wah Kang
Defendant

1881
DATE.

PROCEEDINGS.

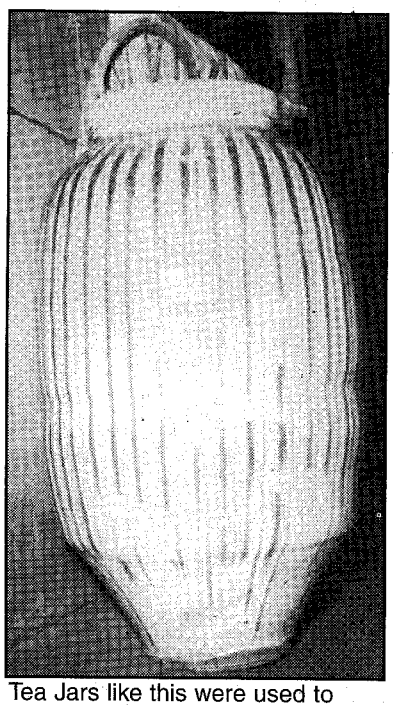
Complaint filed Sept 22d 1881 by Officer Flynn charging Deft with smoking opium in violation of a City Ordinance. Warrant issued and delivered to Officer Flynn by whom it was returned served and Deft produced in Court. Deft pleads guilty as charged and it is thereupon ordered and decreed that Deft pay a fine of five dollars and the costs of this action. Fine and costs paid and Deft discharged.
Costs $10.00

Wells Spicer
Acting Recorder

Author's Collection

The city of Tombstone filed charges against one Wah Kang, for the violation of the city ordinance against smoking opium. Although opium was prevalent among Tombstone Chinese, it was still illegal.

Author's Collection



Tea Jars like this were used to ship opium into the United States.

married to Ah Lum, who, with his partner, Ah Sing, owned the famous Can-Can Restaurant. Ah Sing later sold his share to Quong Gee Kee.

Ah Lum was also the master of the local order of the Chinese Masonic Lodge. This organization held its meetings upstairs over Billy King's blacksmith shop. Across the street, by Ah Lum and China Mary's house, was a Chinese joss house which later proved to be a "hop joint" or "opium den." When it was torn down in later years several underground tunnels and berths were found that were obviously used for smoking opium and hiding illegal Chinese.

All the cooking, washing, yard work, and housework that was hired out in Tombstone was accomplished by Chinese labor. The townfolk learned quickly that no Oriental could be hired for any job except through China Mary. They simply refused to talk to the "round eyes" for any reason. Should a person wish to hire a houseboy, servant, laundress, maid, yard boy, cook, or even a Chinese prostitute, they had to go to China Mary to bargain and make the necessary arrangements. Not only did she hire them out, but she guaranteed their honesty and willingness to work. Her guarantee was "them steal—me pay!" All work was done to the employer's satisfaction or it was redone until it was. All payment was made to China Mary—never to the employee.

She also handled the narcotics in Tombstone, acting as supplier to all the opium dens and the red light girls. In addition, she was the over-

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seer in all peddling of Chinese human flesh that was done in Hoptown, either prostitute or slave.

Almost all the Chinese in Tombstone smoked opium. The drug was smuggled in from China through the mail, sealed in tins labeled "tobacco" and in large jars, labeled "tea." China Mary operated many dens where a user could go and inhale the powerful drug until he reached a stupefied condition, complete with heavenly visions and exciting imaginary experiences.

A Tombstone reporter described his visit to one of Mary's opium "dens" in Hoptown:

"I went through a small hole used as a door; entered a series of rooms used for gambling and smoking opium. In one room there was just one smoked, begrimed lamp burning. There was some bunks, built in tiers, as berths on a ship. Each bunk contained a man or woman smoking opium. The opium was in a little bone box and the smokers would take a wire and dip it into the box and then hold it over the flame of the lamp until it resembled a little round ball the size of a pea. This they would push into the howl of a pipe and take about half a dozen whiffs and then repeat the dose from one to a half dozen times.

"About then the pipe would drop from their fingers and they would succumb to the effects of the drug and dream of elephants with calico tails and magnificent mansions in China, with high walls around them and through which gates Marshal Coyle and his officers could never enter and disturb them while shooting firecrackers or hitting the pipe."

These opium dens sprang up in the most unusual places, only to have the local law raid them. Even while the marshal was in the process of raiding, preparations, by the Chinese, were underway to open another one at a different location.

During its zenith, Tombstone's Hoptown had Chinese gambling halls, restaurants, mercantile stores, barbershops, grocery stores, opium dens, and several houses of "ill fame."

China has had brothels since the earliest recorded history. Emperor Kwan Chung of the Chou dynasty established specific areas where prostitution was allowed in 1700 BC. Therefore, it was only business to the tongs of the Six Companies to purchase Chinese girls as property, like livestock, and ship them to America. Many of these girls were purchased while they were still babies, then sold or traded. Tongs usually owned several thousand Chinese females, shipping them to mining towns all over the West, consigning them to their chief representative in that camp. In Tombstone, China Mary received new girls periodically and shipped the old ones out when replacements arrived. Chinese houses of prostitution always had their blinds painted blue (Tsing loo) so that they could be easily identified.

Oriental prostitutes were in great demand in the isolated mining camps. This was chiefly because, in the beginning, when the Orientals were still an unknown oddity, the laborers and miners were told that the anatomical difference between white women and Chinese women was so startling that it was unbelievable to behold. They would pay huge amounts of money to see for themselves whether there really was such a vast difference. Some would return two or three times to assure themselves that they had not been mistaken in what they had seen. Once everyone's curiosity had been satisfied, the price for Chinese prostitutes plummeted.

China Mary supplied these women to any who were willing to pay the price set by the Six Companies. Sometimes, the other madams in Tombstone would rent girls from her for special occasions or on demand from their clients.

During special Chinese holidays the Six Companies would send China Mary a large shipment of exotic food from China. At such times she would have a huge feast prepared for the Hoptown Chinese.

Author's Collection

China Mary's grave, Boothill cemetery. Despite the Six Companies' agreement to ship Chinese home for burial, China Mary opted to stay in Tombstone.

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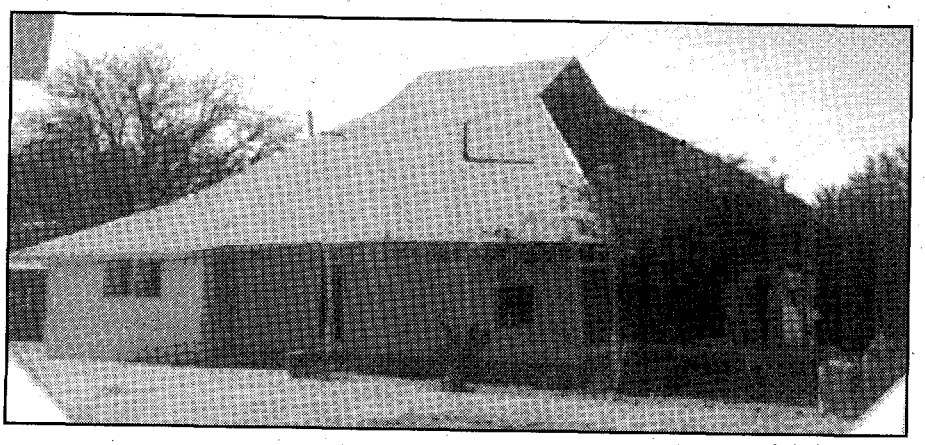

Author's Collection

China Mary's home as it looks today, corner of Third and Allen, Tombstone.

One such feast was described as "having forty courses and consisting partly of Chinese brandy, rat pot pie, bird's nest soup, roasted puppy dogs with caterpillar sauce, roast baby chicks, shark tails stewed in India ink, veal cutlets, stuffed gull heads, monkey hands fried in marrow, kittens fried in batter, worm chowder, turnip juice, pigs' eyes pudding, and lizard on toast, plus many other delicacies to make a delightful repast—at least to the Chinese."

Mary ran a well-stocked store where she dealt in Chinese delicacies and objects of art. In rooms behind and under this store she ran Chinese gambling games. Many white men visited these rooms, but law and order was maintained by Mary's special force of Chinese policemen. She was very influential in Tong affairs because of her association with the Six Companies.

Still, China Mary seemed to have a wild and impulsive nature. Two such incidents were recorded in George Hand's diary.

On March 20, 1883, Mary apparently left Tombstone with the local blacksmith. Ah Lum reported this matter to the police. Then to speed matters up, he offered a Mr. Butuir $100 to locate Mary and deliver her to him at the Can-Can Restaurant. Butuir found Mary and the blacksmith at Pantano, between Benson and Tucson. He brought them back to Tombstone, but once there, Mary chose to go to jail rather than go to the restaurant.

The second incident occurred on March 30, 1885. According to the diary, China Mary and two tramps were arrested for theft and possession of stolen goods. They were sent to jail by a Judge Meyer on March 31, 1885.

In spite of all her shady operations and the fact that she was Chinese, Mary was respected and well liked in Tombstone. She would lend money to any who impressed her as honest and hard working. No sick, injured, or hungry person was ever turned from her door. She once took a cowboy with a broken leg to Mary Tack's boarding house and paid the bill until he recovered.

At her death a large number of people attended her burial in the Chinese section of Boothill. On December 18, 1906, the *Epitaph* stated:

> China Mary had arrived in Tombstone in the early 1880's and that the C.B. Tarbell Funeral Parlor would provide services. The Chinese custom of strewing a trail of Chinese papers from the mourner's carriage to confuse evil spirits was observed as the funeral procession wended its way to the old cemetery below town.

China Mary actually had a much more elaborate funeral than the small report in the *Epitaph* indicated. In her home on Allen Street her body lay in state, her coffin was surrounded by burning tapers and incense. A whole hog was roasted and adorned with various forms of fruit and vegetables and surrounded by dressed chickens and ducks. The latter presented weird appearances as they were shaped into the semblance of grotesque half-human figures.

Six persons, apparently professional mouners, dressed in unbleached white cotton (sackcloth) marched in front of the coffin, wailing in simulated grief, tearing their hair, and throwing ashes over themselves. While they chanted a Chinese funeral dirge, musicians filled the air with wild, discordant, barbaric music, totally devoid of any melody. A "priest" set the cadence of the funeral procession with the timely bongs from a Chinese funeral drum. The music, drum, and strips of red paper strewn along the funeral route were for the purpose of confusing the evil spirits.

The hearse was followed by a wagon containing some of China Mary's belongings and the food that had been specially prepared for the occasion. When the Chinese section of Boothill was reached, the coffin was lowered into the waiting grave. The friends of the departed each drank a bit of Chinese wine and offered a short prayer. Then China Mary's worldly goods were burned. The ritual food was placed on the fresh mound of earth and the mourners departed. Chinese always provided a fine meal for a funeral. It was left on the grave so that the departed could dine well on her journey to join her ancestors in the celestial heaven.

After China Mary's death, Ah Lum worked for several years as the cook at the Bar O Ranch. He soon remarried, a Mexican woman this time. They lived in a house near Boothill and had three children who spoke English, Spanish, and Chinese.

It was most unusual but China Mary, Ah Lum, Quong Kee, and several other Tombstone Chinese elected to be interred in Boothill, among the people they knew, rather than complying with age-old custom and calling on the Six Companies' obligation to return their bones for burial in the soil of China.

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TRUE WEST LEGENDS: GERONIMO

by Phyllis de la Garza

About 1820—Goyahkla (One Who Yawns) is born in the vicinity of the upper Gila River in the mountains near present-day Clifton, Arizona. His father is Taklishim, of the Chiricahua Bedonkohe Apache tribe. Goyahkla's mother's name is Juana.

About 1838—Goyahkla, now a teenager, is involved in Apache-Mexican hostility after a scalp hunter named James Johnson tricks and kills a number of Apaches during a supposed mule trade. This happens at Santa Rita del Cobre in New Mexico Territory.

About 1840—Goyahkla marries Alope, a girl of the Nednai tribe.

About 1850—Goyahkla and some other Apaches, under the leadership of Mangas Coloradas, go on a peaceful trading trip to Casas Grandes in Mexico. Women and children go along. The Apaches make camp outside the Mexican village of Janos. When the men go to town to trade, their camp is attacked by Mexican soldiers. Goyahkla's aged mother, his wife Alope, and their three small children are slain. Outnumbered, and having lost horses and weapons, Mangas Coloradas and the Apache men return to New Mexico.

About 1851—The Apaches, bent on revenge against the Mexicans, travel in three divisions under Mangas Coloradas, Cochise, and Juh. They travel through Sonora, Mexico, to the town of Arispe, where the military force who had ravaged their camp the year earlier is stationed. This new battle lasts two hours; the Apaches are complete victors. Goyahkla, seething with revenge, is particularity active during the fighting. Seeing him dash back and forth, the Mexicans yell, "Geronimo! Watch out!" Henceforth, Goyahkla is known as "Geronimo."

1851—Geronimo first encounters white Americans when the Bartlett Survey Commission comes through Apache Pass in the Chiricahua Mountains. The Apaches exchange blankets and ponies for shirts and provisions. Geronimo later said, "They measured land with curious instruments and were good men."

About 1853—Geronimo marries a Bedonkohe girl named Chee-has-kiosh. She becomes the mother of a son, Chappo, and a daughter, Tozey (Lulu). Soon Geronimo takes another wife, also a Bedonkohe, named Nana-tha-thtith. She becomes the mother of one child.

1854-1855—Geronimo leads raids into Mexico and receives a head wound after being clubbed with a rifle butt. During yet another raid, he is struck near the eye by a glancing Mexican bullet—another memento. Later, three companies of Mexican troops attack the Apache camp. Nana-tha-thtith and her child are killed.

1856-1858—Constantly raiding Mexican villages and pack trains, the Apaches steal cattle, horses, and provisions. The raiders strike far into Sonora, once as far south as the Gulf of California. Geronimo refers to this as "...a great lake extending beyond the reach of sight."

1859—Until now relations between Apaches and whites are mostly peaceful. But a large gold strike is made in the mountains northwest of Santa Rita, New Mexico. Lawless and violent men with no respect for the Indians begin to invade the area.

1860—Mangas Coloradas, leader of all the Apaches of southwestern New Mexico, and father-in-law of Cochise, is caught by drunken miners when he goes to their camp to get some whiskey. Having fun, they tie him to a tree and beat him with whips. After this incident Mangas goes on the warpath. Apaches kill miners, burn wagons, and steal horses and sheep. The miners retaliate—Geronimo is mixed up in some of the fighting.

1861—An eleven-year-old-boy is kidnapped from a homestead west of the Chiricahua Mountains. Cochise is blamed. American soldiers try to take him prisoner, but he escapes. Hostilities build into what becomes known as the "Bascom Affair" at Apache Pass. People on both sides are killed, and Cochise goes on the warpath for many years. Geronimo says of this incident, "After this trouble all of the Indians agreed not to be friendly with the white people anymore."

About 1861—Geronimo takes another wife, a Bedonkohe named Shtsha-she.

January 18, 1863—Mangas Coloradas is taken prisoner and killed. His corpse is beheaded; the skull sent back east and used as a lecture exhibit. News of this incident spreads among the Apaches and Cochise becomes their new leader.

1863—Congress separates the western half of New Mexico to form the Territory of Arizona. Plans are made regarding the establishment of Indian reservations.

1864—At the end of the Civil War, vast numbers of white settlers, prospectors, adventurers, and civilian and military personnel once again head west. The Apaches stand in the way of progress.

1871—Congress appropriates $70,000 for "collecting the Apaches of Arizona and New Mexico upon reservations."

General George Crook, a celebrated Indian fighter, takes command of the Department of Arizona. He immediately has trouble with Cochise, Geronimo, and the Chiricahuas.

April 1872—General Oliver O. Howard is sent from

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TRUE WEST LEGENDS:

Geronimo

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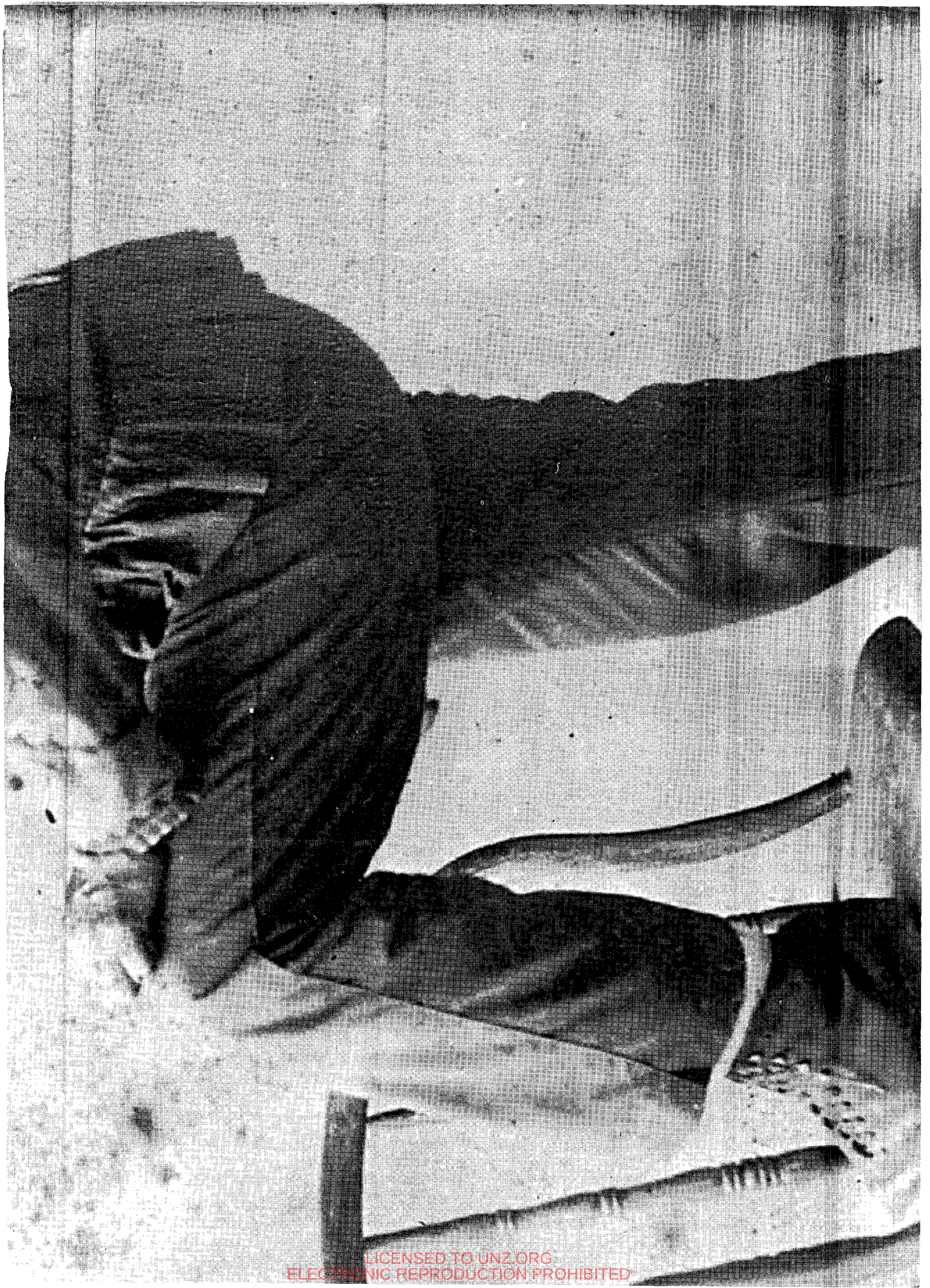

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Washington on a peace mission. He finally meets with Cochise at the Cochise Stronghold, where Howard remains eleven days. On October 13, Howard agrees to allow Cochise and his band to remain on their "home reservation," extending fifty-six miles west of the New Mexico-Arizona line, and including the Chiricahua and Dragoon mountains and the Sulphur Springs Valley. Geronimo becomes friends with General Howard during these negotiations. For a time Geronimo and his family live quietly within Cochise's band on the new reservation. Geronimo takes yet another wife, this time She-gha.

June 1874—Cochise dies. His son, Taza, is named successor.

August 8, 1874—John Clum is named agent at the San Carlos Reservation.

1875—The Indian office in Washington begins a new policy: place all Indians in Arizona on one reservation—San Carlos.

1876—Two Chiricahuas buy whiskey from the station keeper at Sulphur Springs. The Apaches kill the station keeper and two other white men and steal their horses and guns. The aroused public demands action, and Governor P. Safford wires Washington asking removal of the Chiricahuas from Sulphur Springs to San Carlos.

June 4, 1876—John Clum, backed by a military force, rides to the Chiricahua camp and kills the two Apache culprits. The Chiricahua agency is closed, and the Indians are moved to San Carlos. Meanwhile, Geronimo and his followers have already slipped away to join the Warm Springs Apaches in New Mexico Territory. Geronimo later says, "I did not see any reason to pay attention to John Clum."

Western Publications' Archives

March 1877—The commissioner of Indian affairs in Washington wires Clum to take Indian police and arrest Geronimo at the Warm Springs Agency.

April 21, 1877—Clum hurries his Indian police on the 400-mile journey. Upon his arrival at Warm Springs, Clum sends a message to Geronimo to hold a conference. Having no reason to suspect trouble, Geronimo rides into the parade ground, where he is trapped between a threatened crossfire. Geronimo wisely surrenders. He and his followers are disarmed, placed in chains, and transported by wagon to San Carlos, a journey of twenty days.

April 4, 1878—Geronimo, Juh, Ponce, and other Apache leaders escape the reservation at San Carlos and go on a killing spree as they head for Mexico.

August 21, 1879—Victorio, now leading the Warm Springs Apaches, flees to Mexico. An era of relentless Apache raiding and killing sweeps Sonora and Arizona Territory.

October 14, 1880—Victorio and seventy-seven of his followers are ambushed and killed by Mexican troops at Tres Castillos in the Sierra Madre.

July 1881—Aged Chief Naña leads about forty warriors on a slashing raid through southwestern New Mexico. Riding as much as seventy miles a day, this war party murders, burns, and pillages everywhere they go. Chased by eight companies of cavalry, the hostiles nevertheless escape.

April 1882—Geronimo leads his band of about sixty warriors, killing a Mexican family of sheepherders near Ash Flat, twenty miles north of Safford, Arizona. They ride on to San Carlos where they cut telegraph wires and invade the reservation, rounding up several hundred surprised Apaches including old Chief Loco, creating a grand escape. Heading south to Mexico, this ragtag conglomeration of old men, women, children, and warriors kill more than fifty people as they rob and raid their way to the border.

April 27, 1882—Captain T.C. Tupper, at the head of thirty-nine troopers and forty-seven Apache scouts led by Al Sieber, are in close pursuit. At dawn, fighting breaks out; the renegades lose fourteen men and most of their camp supplies. Geronimo escapes, then joins Juh's people deep in the Sierra Madre.

About 1883—Mexicans attack the Apaches during a trading trip to Casas Grandes. Geronimo's wife Chee-hash-kiosh is taken captive by Mexicans. After this, Geronimo takes another wife, a Nednai girl named Zi-yeh.

1883—General George Crook leads a large expedition led by Apache scouts. Invading the Chiricahua sanctuary in the Sierra Madre, Crook rounds up 325 hostiles and returns them to San Carlos. Geronimo is not among those captured.

1884—Geronimo finally agrees to join the others at San Carlos. He "surrenders" with a large herd of stolen Mexican cattle that is soon confiscated by the United States military.

Geronimo and 500 others are given a permanent home on Turkey Creek, about seventeen miles southeast of Fort Apache.

May 17, 1885—Geronimo, among a band of 35 men, 8 boys, and 101 women and children, flee Turkey

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Creek. The Indians have been in dispute with the military over the use of alcohol (*tizwin*), and the Apache practice of wife beating.

June 11, 1885—A force under Captain Emmett Crawford follows Geronimo's hostiles into the Sierra Madre. Some members of Geronimo's family, however, are captured.

January 11, 1886—Captain Crawford is killed by Mexican irregulars in the Sierra Madre as his soldiers and scouts approach Geronimo's camp. (The Mexicans mistake Crawford's Apache scouts as hostiles.) Geronimo watches from the other side of a river, "laughing." Three days later, tiring of the long chase, Geronimo speaks with Lieutenant Marion P. Maus, second in command. Some Apache women and children are surrendered to Maus. Geronimo agrees to speak to General Crook about surrender terms. The Indians camp at Cañon de los Embudos, eighty-four miles from Fort Bowie.

March 25, 1886—Geronimo states his case to Crook. He gives a lengthy explanation as to why he broke from the reservation at Turkey Creek. Crook finally gets the Apache leader to agree to a surrender.

March 28, 1886—During the night, after procuring liquor from a whiskey peddler named Tribolet, Geronimo and a small number of his followers slip away.

March 30, 1886—Seventy-seven Indian prisoners are sent to Fort Marion, Florida. General Crook, embarrassed at having lost Geronimo, asks to be relieved of his command. Crook is replaced by General Nelson A. Miles.

April 1886—Geronimo and his small band of followers go on a killing spree. Later he says, in his own words, "If we returned to the reservation we would be put in prison and killed. If we stayed in Mexico they would send soldiers to fight us, so we gave no quarter to anyone and asked no favors."

September 4, 1886—Weary of running, ammunition exhausted, Geronimo surrenders in southeastern Arizona at Skeleton Canyon. At Fort Bowie, the Apaches are placed in wagons and sent under heavy guard to Bowie Station, then boarded onto a train and sent into exile.

September 10, 1886—The War Department orders the prison train stopped in San Antonio while government officials haggle over what to do with Geronimo. Most citizens living in the Southwest are clamoring for a lynching.

October 22, 1886—The Apaches finally depart San Antonio for Fort Pickens, Florida.

1888—Apache prisoner of war Geronimo is transferred to Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama.

1894—Geronimo is transferred for the final time to Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

October 30, 1898—Geronimo attends the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha, Nebraska. He becomes a Wild West attraction, and shrewd businessman. He sells photographs of himself, and thereafter whenever riding by train, at each stop, he cuts buttons from his coat and sells them to gawking spectators for twenty-five cents each. For five dollars, he sells his hat. Between stops he sews more buttons on his coat, and replaces his hat from the ample supply he carries with him.

1901—Geronimo appears at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York.

1904—Geronimo attends the St. Louis World's Fair. His wife Zi-yeh dies of tubercular lupus.

1905—Geronimo rides horseback in Theodore Roosevelt's inaugural parade.

January 25, 1905—Geronimo marries Mary Loto, a fifty-eight-year-old widow. This union soon ends in divorce. Later that year he marries a Chiricahua woman named Azul, who had been a Mexican captive. She will be the last of his wives. He spends his time gardening, herding cattle, doing business, and dictating his autobiography.

February 17, 1909—At about age eighty, Geronimo dies of pneumonia after falling off his horse during a drinking bout. He is buried at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Geronimo's dream of returning to his beloved Arizona is not to be.

WHAT TO READ:

Geronimo. The Man. His Time. His Place, by Angie Debo.
University of Oklahoma Press, 1976.
Geronimo's Story of His Life, with Stephen Barrett.
Duffield and Company, 1906.
I Fought With Geronimo, by Jason Betzinez.
Stackpole, 1959; reprinted, University of Nebraska Press, 1987.

WHERE TO GO:

Fort Bowie National Site: Features a visitor's center, Geronimo and Indian Wars history, three-mile hiking trail, and Chiricahua Indian Agency ruins. P.O. Box 158, Bowie, AZ 85606. (520) 847-2500.
Geronimo Exhibit: Arizona Historical Society, 949 E. 2nd Street, Tucson, AZ 85719. (520) 628-5774.
Chiricahua National Monument: Features a visitor's center, natural trails, and camping. HCR 2, Box 6500, Willcox, AZ 85643. (520) 824-3560.
Fort Sill, Oklahoma: Geronimo is buried in the Apache cemetery, a few miles from the post cemetery. A large, rock pyramid marks his grave.

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235—TEN DAYS ON THE PLAINS. *By Henry E. Davies; ed. by Paul Andrew Hutton.* Originally published in a limited edition in 1871, this well-illustrated and produced book is an account by Civil War General Henry Davies of a spectacular hunting expedition on the high western plains. Davies features a young scout, William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, as the central figure in the story of the expedition. 194p. Southern Methodist University Press.
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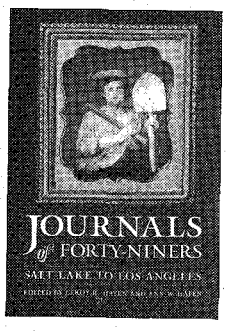

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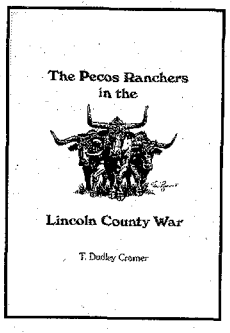

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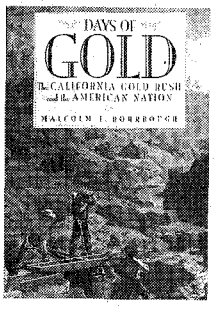

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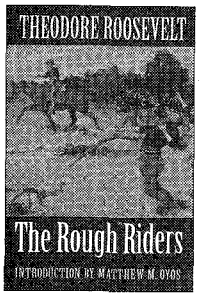

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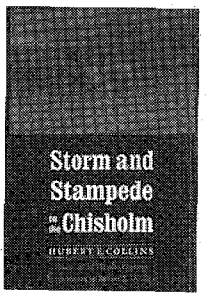

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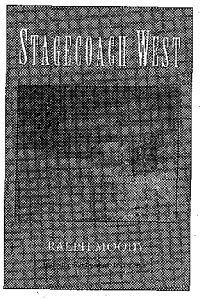

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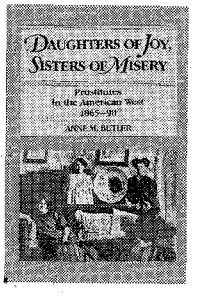

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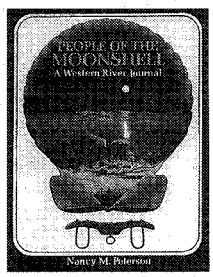

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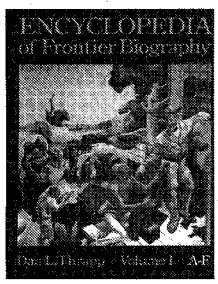

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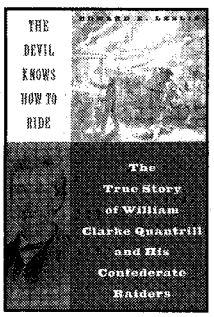

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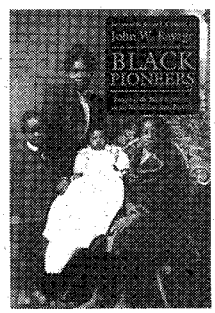

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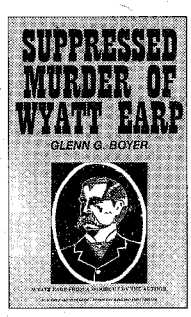

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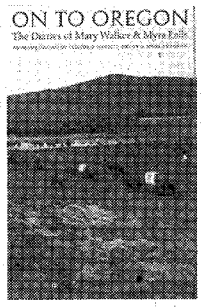

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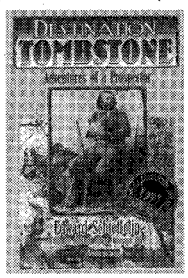

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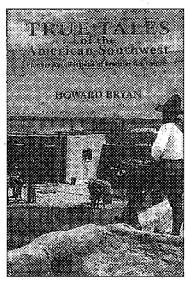

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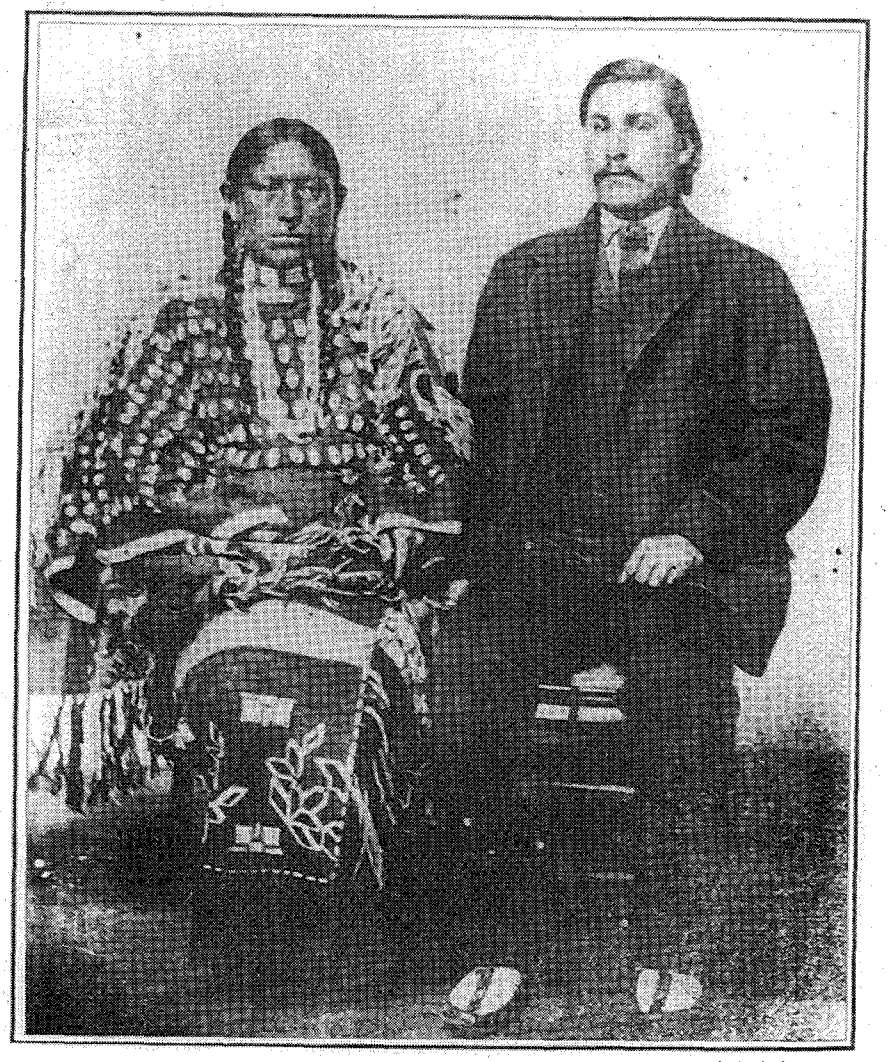

Author's Collection

George Bent and his wife, Magpie, circa 1867.

The social and political forces that shaped and built the West could also tear and twist men's lives. No man was more torn by the forces of history than George Bent. Son of a wealthy frontier trading family, a Confederate soldier, and a Cheyenne warrior, Bent saw the drama of the West unfold from the dual perspectives of both Indian and white man.

George Bent's uncles and his father, William, had come west as fur trappers in the 1820s, but soon sought their fortunes through trading operations in Santa Fe and amongst the plains tribes. They were successful and in 1835 William Bent, Charles Bent, and their partner, Ceran St. Vrain, established Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River near present-day La Junta, Colorado. In 1837 William Bent reinforced his already special relationship with the Cheyenne people when he married Owl Woman.

Owl Woman was the daughter of Tail Woman and White Thunder, a highly respected Southern Cheyenne couple. White Thunder was the Keeper of the Medicine Arrows, the sacred totems that were the most revered spiritual symbols in the Southern Cheyenne religion. He was also a respected warrior who died in northern Oklahoma while fighting the Kiowas, the year after his daughter married William Bent. Owl Woman and Bent had four children. Mary was the oldest, followed by Robert, George, and Julia. Some sources say that Owl Woman died while giving birth to Charles (Charlie to the family), but George Bent maintained she died when Julia was born in 1847, and that Charles was his half-brother. Regardless, his father married soon after her death, exercising his right under plains tribe custom to take Owl Woman's younger sister, Yellow Woman, as his new wife.

The Bent children were born in their mother's lodge near Bent's Fort, and they grew up in the busy atmosphere of the frontier trading post, with its colorful mixture of Indians, mountain men, Santa Fe trail teamsters, and New Mexican hunters and laborers. The children often visited their mothers' people, and sometimes traveled to outlying Bent trading posts, such as the one on Scout (now Kiowa) Creek east of present-day Denver. They grew up bilingual and were as comfortable in the world of the Cheyennes as they were in white society.

William Bent was a man of vision, however, and he determined that this wild and free childhood was not preparing his children for the troubled future. In 1853, Mary, Robert, George, and Charles were

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Torn by History

By John R. Sweet

sent east to live on the Bent farm in Westport, Missouri, near present-day Kansas City, where they could attend school. Under the care of their Aunt Dorkas Carr and the guardianship of Albert Boone, grandson of Daniel Boone, the Bent children adjusted to their new home and the two younger boys apparently excelled in their studies. In 1857, George and Charles were sent to St. Louis for higher education, where they possibly attended Webster College and roomed with Joseph Felix St. Vrain, the son of their father's business partner.

The Civil War broke out while George was still in college and, while visiting Westport during break, he found all of western Missouri mobilizing for the Confederacy. Swept up in "war fever," Bent joined Martin E. Green's cavalry regiment of the Missouri State Guards. He later fought with that outfit at the battles of Wilson's Creek and Pea Ridge. After the Confederates were forced out of Missouri, Bent's regiment served as part of General Earl Van Dorn's army at the disastrous Confederate siege of Corinth, Mississippi. During the retreat Bent and hundreds of other rebels were captured by Union cavalry. They were then marched to St. Louis.

Facing the unpleasant prospect of spending the duration of the war in a Union prison camp, Bent was blessed with a stroke of luck. While the Confederate prisoners were being paraded through St. Louis streets, George was recognized by an old college chum. Older brother Robert Bent happened to be in the city purchasing supplies for the Indian trade, and George's friend quickly notified him. An appeal was made to some influential army officers "who were old friends of the Bents," and after promising to return to Colorado and to take no further part in the war, George was paroled and released that same day. George Bent's Civil War experiences came to an end, but his most desperate battles still lay ahead.

In the nine years that he'd been away, the upper Arkansas River region had drastically changed. As the brothers traveled west, George was amazed to find stage stations and farms every few miles. His father lived in a new stockade along the Purgatoire River, while the site of Bent's Old Fort was occupied by the Union army and called Fort Lyon. The Bents' trading business was now concerned almost solely with the buying and selling of buffalo robes. To the north, new east-west trails connected the bustling metropolis of Denver with eastern cities.

George spent the winter with his father, but the young war veteran yearned to be free of the white man's world in which he had lived for so long. His younger half-brother, Charlie, had also served the Confederacy briefly, but a year earlier he had returned to the plains and joined his mother's people. In the spring, George Bent also moved in with his Cheyenne relations.

He was present in June when the Southern Cheyennes, the Dog Soldier band of the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes, and Spotted Tail's band of Sioux gathered along the Republican River for the annual Sioux sun dance. The young warriors from the north endured unimaginable torture as they thrust skewers through slits in their skin, then dangled by rawhide ropes hanging from the top of the sacred medicine lodge. After the camp broke up that summer, the band Bent was with came upon a party of Delaware Indian trappers on Solomon's Fork in Kansas. The Cheyennes fell upon these old enemies with a vengeance, killing two and capturing their packs of fur. Bent had witnessed his first Indian fight and was becoming more Cheyenne every day.

He spent the following winter with the Hill Band on the Smoky Hill River while other Cheyenne bands began to clash with army units. Tension on the frontier was running high. The Civil War had drawn regular army troops east and fear of Confederate intrigue and of a general Indian uprising had whites in near hysterics. A few genuine Indian depredations added to the dangerous atmosphere. Eventually three volunteer cavalry regiments were formed in Colorado under the command of Colonel John M. Chivington.

These regiments roamed the plains on punitive expeditions, often attacking the first Indian villages encountered. At Fremont's Orchard and on the Republican River in eastern Colorado, hitherto peaceful bands of Cheyennes were driven into open hostility.

"I never could understand why the soldiers made these attacks on the Cheyennes in April, 1864." Bent later wrote, "There was no reason for it. One of Colonel Chivington's political enemies once hinted that there was politics back of the whole business, and that is the only possible explanation that I can see....On the frontier this was the shortest road to the peoples' hearts: give the Indians a whipping and the voters

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Bent endured the torture of the Sioux sun dance as he thrust skewers through slits in his skin, then dangled by rawhide ropes hanging from the top of the sacred medicine lodge.

would give you any office you asked of them."

Despite the escalating warfare, Bent began to gravitate towards Chief Black Kettle, the leader of the Cheyenne peace faction. Bent and his mixed-blood brother-in-law, Edmund Guerrier, helped Black Kettle draft two letters, addressed to their Indian agent and the commander of Fort Lyon, respectively, wherein the influential chief expressed a desire for peace. That fall Colorado Governor John Evans and Colonel Chivington met with Black Kettle and other influential Cheyenne and Arapaho chiefs. Governor Evans refused to accept the Indians' bid for a peace settlement.

Nevertheless, in November 1864, Black Kettle's band was openly camped along Sand Creek, forty miles north of Fort Lyon on the Arkansas River. They had been told by Major Edward Wynn Koop and Major Scott Anthony that they were safe from attack as long as they remained there. George, Charlie, and Julia Bent were in the camp wintering with relatives. On November 24, however, Chivington and the "bloodless" Third Colorado Volunteer Cavalry surrounded father William Bent's Purgatoire stockade and ranch. At gunpoint Robert Bent was impressed into service. He would unwillingly guide the troops in their attack on Black Kettle's people and on his own family members.

"At dawn on the morning of November 29 I was still in bed when I heard shouts and the noise of people running about the camp," George Bent recalled decades later. "I jumped up and ran out of my lodge. From down the creek a large body of troops was advancing at a rapid trot....More soldiers could be seen making for the pony herds to the south of the camps; in the camps themselves all was confusion and noise—men, women, and children rushing out of the lodges partly dressed; women and children screaming at the sight of the troops; men running back into the lodges for their arms, other men, already armed or with their lassos and bridles in their hands, running for the herds...."

Canister shot and rifle fire ripped through the village and drove the fleeing survivors onto the frozen prairie. Charley Bent was captured by some New Mexico volunteers who refused to obey Chivington's "no prisoners" order. Somehow, Julia Bent escaped in the confusion. George ran up the frozen bed of Sand Creek for two miles, before finally joining a group of Cheyennes taking shelter in some hastily dug rifle pits. As he dove for cover a rifle bullet slammed into his hip. He and the others lay besieged until nightfall, then under the cover of darkness they staggered through the cold towards the next closest Cheyenne camp on the Smoky Hill River, several days' journey to the northeast.

The Sand Creek Massacre outraged the plains tribes, and later that winter when bloody reprisals swept the frontier, George and Charlie Bent were in the thick of the fighting. George participated in the January 1865 sacking of Julesburg, Colorado, when over a thousand Sioux and Cheyenne warriors lured a small cavalry detachment into an ambush, killing several and sending the remainder fleeing back to stockaded Camp Rankin. The neighboring town was looted and burned while the soldiers and citizens looked on from within the fort. Although they were later driven away by howitzer fire, it was a stunning victory for the Indians and provided much needed supplies for the winter.

"On the way home our pack ponies were so heavily loaded with plunder that we could not move very fast, and it took us three days to reach the big camp, which was still on Cherry Creek, the branch of the Republican [River]," Bent later wrote. "There was great rejoicing in the village when we came in with the plunder from Julesburg. Ever since Sand Creek the Cheyennes had been mourning for the dead, but now that the first blow had been struck in revenge, everyone began to feel better, and that night the young men and young women held scalp dances in all the camps, for all the soldiers who had been killed at Julesburg had been scalped by the warriors, and the young people kept up the dances and the drumming until after daylight."

The raiding continued through the spring and into the next summer. At times, traffic on the Overland Trail was halted and many stage stations were burned, the

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stock driven off and the employees killed. George Bent participated in several of these bloody affairs, including the battle with soldiers at Mud Springs, Nebraska, site of present-day Simla, Nebraska.

In late June a huge force of Sioux, Northern and Southern Cheyennes, and Arapahos engaged a combined force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery at the Battle of the Platte River Bridge in Wyoming. Charlie Bent was selected to accompany a small group of Dog Soldiers whose job it was to lure troops away from the Platte River Bridge and into an ambush. George was with a group of warriors that had the hazardous job of riding between the soldiers and the bridge, cutting off their retreat and engaging any relief party. The detachment under Lieutenant Caspar Collins was completely surprised when the huge main Indian force galloped over the ridge. They panicked and ran for the bridge, but they had to pass through George Bent and the other warriors who fell upon them intent on annihilation.

"As we went into the troops I saw an officer [Lieutenant Collins] on a big bay horse rush past me through the dense clouds of dust and smoke," Bent recalled. "His horse was running away with him and broke right through the Indians. The Lieutenant had an arrow sticking in his forehead and his face was streaming with blood. He must have fallen soon after he passed me, for he dropped right in the midst of the warriors, one of whom caught his horse. I saw soldiers falling on every side....I don't think more than four or five of the troopers succeeded in escaping."

The Indians spent the rest of the summer in the Powder River country of Wyoming, hunting the still plentiful buffalo and resisting all incursions. As the James A. Sawyers road building expedition worked its way from the Missouri River towards Montana, they encountered Sioux and Cheyenne opposition, finally being besieged near Pumpkin Buttes. Sawyers desired a parley and George Bent, wearing an army officer's coat, served as interpreter. When Sawyers asked George and Charlie Bent what would end the Cheyennes' war on the whites, George replied that only the hanging of Colonel Chivington for the crime of Sand Creek would bring peace to the plains.

A few weeks earlier Pawnee scouts in the employ of the United States Army had ambushed and killed Yellow Woman, Charlie Bent's mother. Charlie Bent went on to become a Dog Soldier war leader and "the worst desperado the plains had ever known." In November 1865, he led a war party against Downer's stage station on the Smoky Hill Road. When the whites took refuge in a cave, Charlie reportedly lured the eight men out for a "conference." The warriors quickly attacked, killing one man and capturing two more. The other five scrambled for cover in a buffalo wallow and survived to report the events. The station was pillaged and burned before one of the captive whites was staked out on the ground for torture. His tongue was cut out and the Dog Soldiers "substituted another portion of his body in its place." They finally built a fire on the unfortunate man's stomach and, while the man shrieked in agony, the warriors tormented his horrified companions with howls of laughter.

Untold personal demons plagued the youngest Bent brother, and his hostility towards the whites extended even to his own father. On at least one occasion he crept through the darkness up to William Bent's Purgatoire ranch, intent on murder. William was away on business, however, and his son slipped away, eventually to meet an early death on the plains. In 1868 Charlie Bent was severely wounded in a fight with Pawnees near Cimarron Crossing, Kansas. The wound never properly healed, and he remained in a weakened condition. He later died in camp, after having contracted malaria.

George Bent, perhaps weary of bloodshed, chose to follow another path. He eventually returned to Black Kettle's camp and supported the old chief's peace policy. In 1866, Bent married Magpie, the chief's favored niece, and lived in Black Kettle's lodge for the next two years. George served as interpreter for Black Kettle and the other Cheyenne chiefs during the negotiation of the Medicine Lodge Treaty of 1867. Bent was absent from Black Kettle's camp along the Washita River in Indian Territory during the winter of 1868. He was on the plains working in the Indian trade when George Custer's Seventh Cavalry followed a "hostile" trail in the snow back to the Cheyenne village. Black Kettle did not escape this massacre as he had Sand Creek.

The death of Black Kettle did not change George Bent's commitment to peace. He followed the tribe onto the reservation, and lived near Colony, Oklahoma, until his death on May 19, 1918. Certainly not white, yet not wholly Indian, Bent worked as an interpreter for the reservation school and also recorded the history of the Cheyenne people. He corresponded with the finest ethno-historians of the day, such as George Bird Grinnell and George E. Hyde. Bent's dozens of letters to Hyde constitute one of the most valuable accounts of Cheyenne cultural history, as well as the Indian version of the wars on the southern plains.

Despite his commitment to his people, Bent often distanced himself from them in his writings. He was sometimes critical of "the Indians" and their superstitions and naïveté in treaty negotiations, but was unwaveringly convinced of the righteousness of their cause. His dual cultural identity enabled him to appreciate the Cheyennes' way of life, even as it waned, while recognizing the futility of continuing to battle modern civilization.

Torn between two cultures, George Bent chose the Cheyenne, but his perspective on history, like Bent himself, fell somewhere in the middle.

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DAGGERS ON THE GALLOWS

The Revenge of Texas Ranger Captain "Boss" Hughes

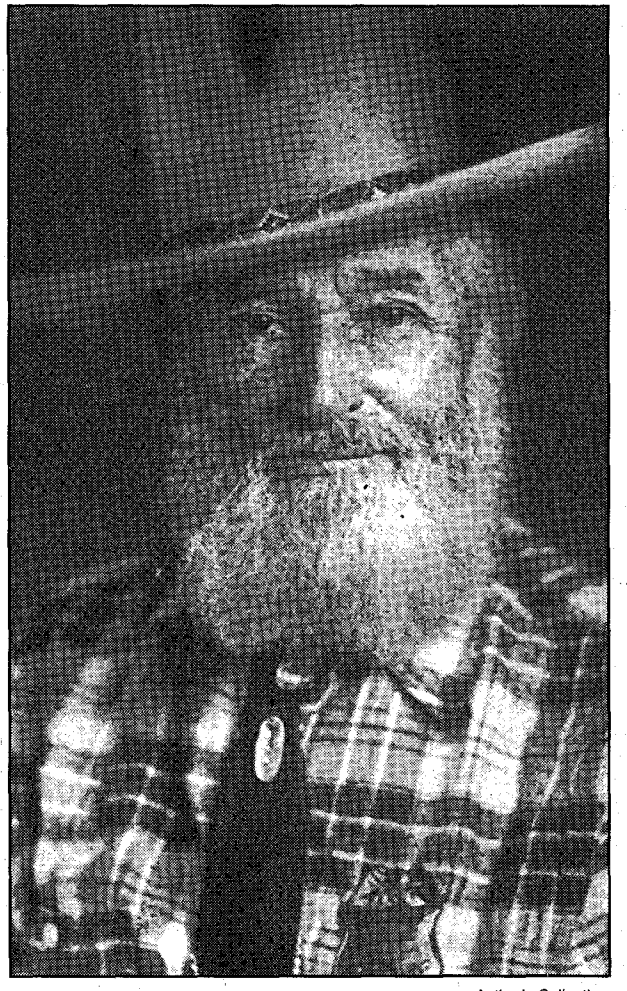
By Douglas V. Meed

Famed Texas Ranger Captain John R. "Boss" Hughes was a patient man, and like the bull elephant some said he resembled, he never forgot. And he never forgave.

The beginnings of his decade-long search for revenge began in 1889 when he was a young corporal in the Ranger company stationed in Marfa, Texas, a small ranching town in the trans-Pecos region of West Texas. In the fading years of the nineteenth century this mountain and desert land, stretching westward from the Pecos River to the border city of El Paso, was infested with hordes of gunfighters, smugglers, gunrunners, and rustlers. Ranchers grazing cattle along the borderlands between Texas, New Mexico, and Chihuahua were the chief victims of these marauders.

On April 17, 1889, while riding near the Franklin Mountains northwest of El Paso, rancher John Barnes spotted a gang of rustlers driving off a herd of his horses that had been grazing at the foot of the mountains. Outnumbered ten to one, Barnes spurred his horse towards El Paso for help. An hour later he pulled up his foam-flecked mount and burst into the sheriff's office, telling of the robbery.

"They are moving through a pass about eight miles north of town," he blurted. The sheriff was out on another hunt and the only armed men present were El Paso City Policeman George Harold and Texas Ranger Sergeant Charles Fusselman, who was in town waiting to give testimony in a federal court case.



Author's Collection

Texas Ranger Captain John R. "Boss" Hughes spent ten years searching for the murderer of Texas Ranger Sergeant Charles Fusselman.

Although still badly outnumbered the two officers agreed to pursue the rustlers and the trio rode north, picking up trail signs and tracking the stolen herd.

Easing along a rocky pass through the mountains the men soon came upon the rustler gang's lookout, who over-confident, was dismounted and snoozing in the warm morning sun. The lookout woke up to a kick and a .45 barrel pointed at his head. After hog-tying the sleepy bandit, the men continued up a rock-strewn gorge and topping a small ridge, unexpectedly rode right into the outlaw camp.

Screams of alarm mingled with curses in two languages as the rustlers grabbed their guns and then swung into their saddles. As Ranger Fusselman led the charge into the camp, the gang leader, Geronimo Parra, took calm aim with his Winchester.

His first shot missed, whizzing past Fusselman's sombrero, but his second found the mark, striking the Ranger in the head. Fusselman fell from his horse and

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was dead before he hit the ground. Parra and the rest of his band, guns blazing, charged Barnes and Harold. The two men retreated back toward El Paso amid a hail of bullets from the enraged and defiant bandits.

The fate of the hog-tied bandit is unknown but he was undoubtedly found by his fellow rustlers. Since Parra, one of the most vicious outlaws that preyed along the Texas-Mexican border, was an unforgiving man, he probably would have fared better as a prisoner than at the hands of his murderous boss.

Harold and Barnes, their horses foamed and staggering, made it back to El Paso to sound the alarm. Within a short time a posse of a dozen men set out to track down the outlaws.

They followed the bandits' trail westward through the Franklin Mountains and down toward the Rio Grande into a swamp near the border town of Canutillo. Losing the trail in the swamp the frustrated posse was forced to give up the chase.

Later that evening, when news of Fusselman's murder was telegraphed to the Ranger camp at Marfa, young Corporal Hughes flew into a murderous rage. Fusselman was a close friend and the two had shared many a campfire together. Hughes took the fatal message into headquarters and showed it to his commanding officer, Captain Frank Jones. "I want to go after Parra," he insisted.

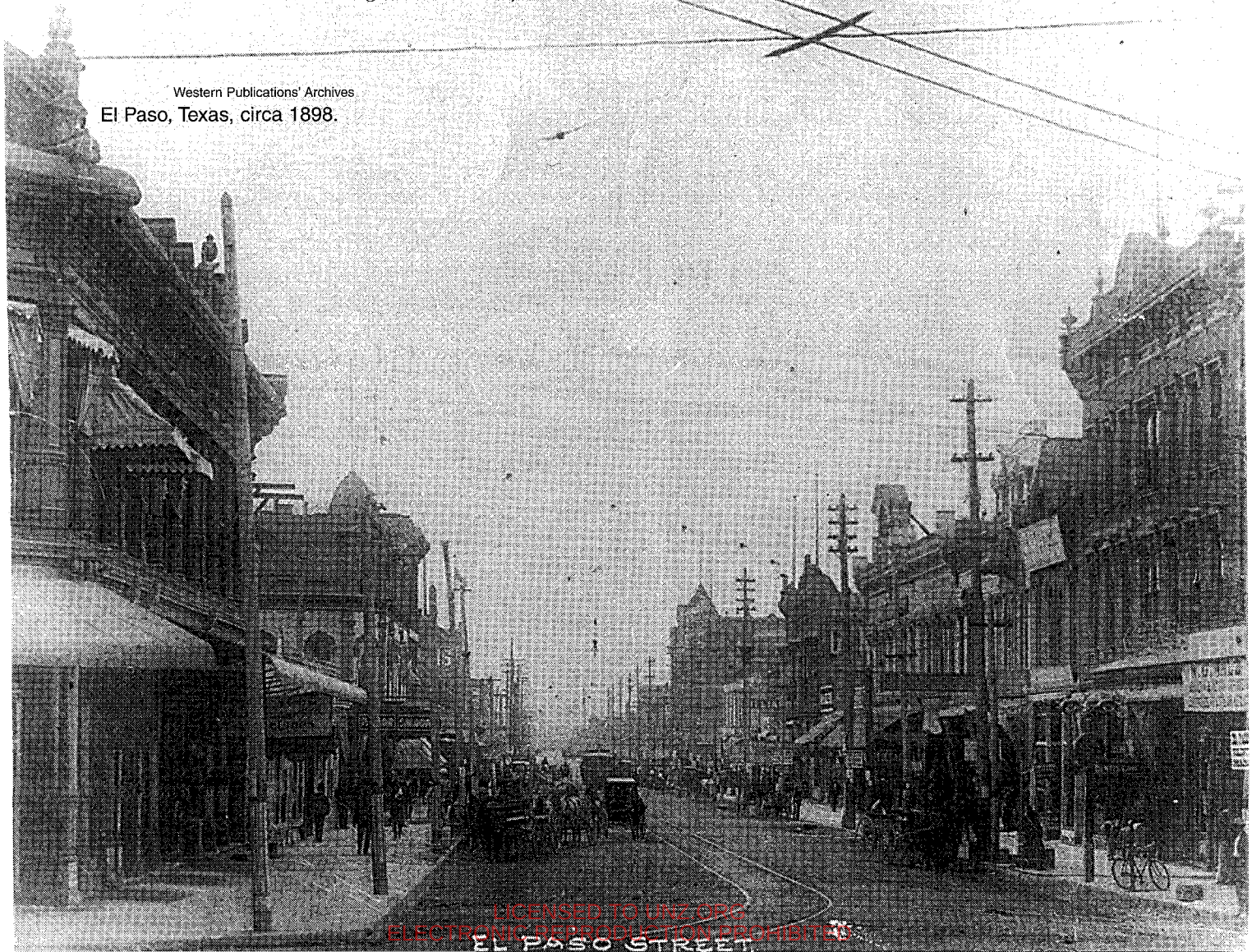
Jones, who had lost a few messmates himself, replied, "You've just got time to catch the El Paso train."

In El Paso, Hughes borrowed a horse and other equipment and went on the hunt for Parra and his gang, alone. For days he trailed through the *bosques* (thickets) and swamps along the Rio Grande. He crossed the river and tracked through the desert and mountain country of southeastern New Mexico and then into the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora, vainly searching for the twenty-six-year-old Geronimo Parra.

After weeks of futility, Hughes was ordered back to Marfa, but he never forgot. Year after year, in addition to his other duties, he paid informants and made inquiries from Chihuahua City to Santa Fe to El Paso, trying to locate Parra. He had many hot leads but he was always too late to apprehend his quarry.

Hughes was promoted to captain in 1893 after Frank Jones was shot to death in a gunfight with bandits near Ysleta, Texas, a few miles downriver from El Paso. It was several years later when Hughes began to get lucky in his search for Parra.

Ben Williams, a tough deputy sheriff from Doña Ana County, New Mexico, contacted Hughes with vital information. Williams was recovering from a gunshot wound received when he broke into an adobe house to arrest a burglar known as Juan



Western Publications' Archives
El Paso, Texas, circa 1898.

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Flores. As Williams broke down the door, Flores shot him in the shoulder. The deputy knocked the man down before he could fire again and dragged him to the Las Cruces, New Mexico, jail. An investigation revealed that Flores was an alias for a bandit chief named Geronimo Parra. Parra was brought to trial, convicted, and sentenced to serve seven years in the territorial prison at Santa Fe, where he was now residing.

Hughes immediately requested the Texas governor to request extradition so Parra could be tried for murder in Texas. In due time, the process was granted by the governor of New Mexico. But it was not to be that easy. Rumor had it that jail officials were paid off by Parra's gang to stall the extradition with a number of bureaucratic excuses. After weeks of phony delays, Hughes was gnashing his teeth at his camp in Ysleta when he again got lucky.

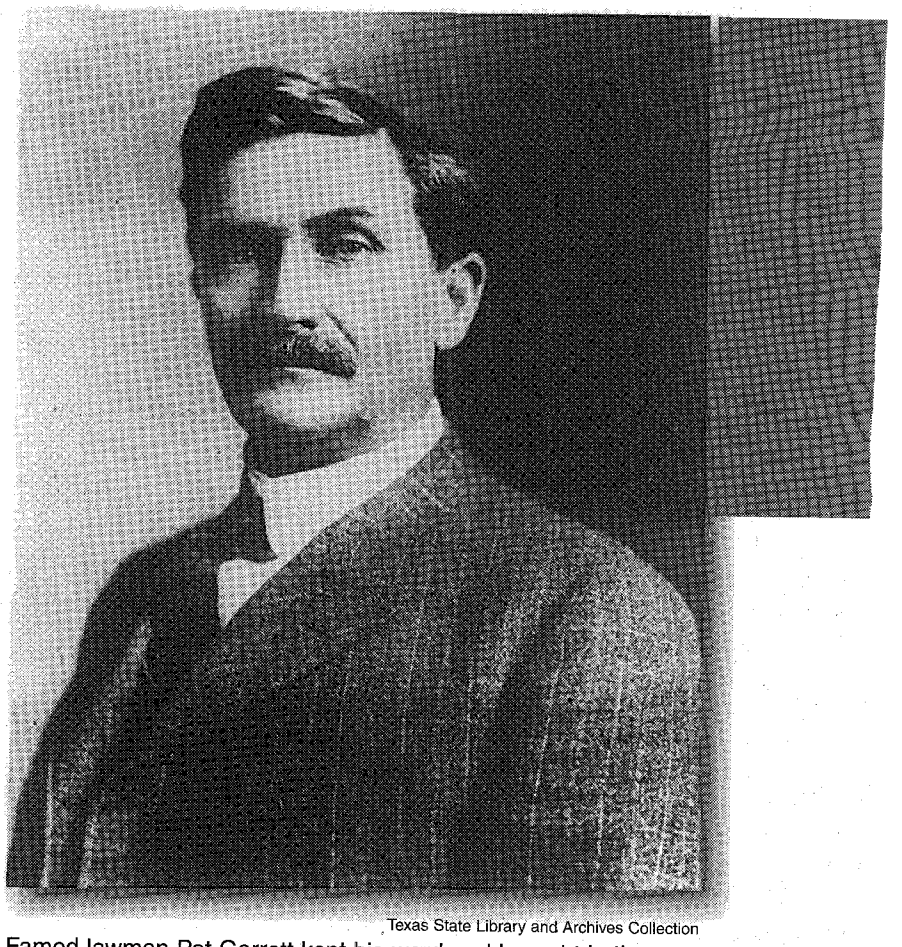
In 1899, Pat Garrett stopped by the Ysleta Ranger camp to visit his old pal, "Boss" Hughes. It was Garrett, the quick-shooting New Mexico lawman, who had gunned down "Billy the Kid," putting an end to his bloody career.

Sitting around a campfire that night, Hughes unburdened himself to Garrett over his continuing frustrations in getting his hands on Parra. "Pat," he said, "you're the one man that can get me Parra." Good friend notwithstanding, Garrett was a believer in *quid pro quo.*

"Boss," he said, "I'm hunting a man named Pat Agnew who is hiding out in Texas. He packs two guns and is a killer. You get him for me and I'll get you Parra." The two men shook on the deal. Hughes, however, was less than optimistic.

His only description of Agnew was that the man was six foot three, weighed two hundred thirty pounds, and the little finger of his left hand had been sheared off during a knife fight. While Agnew was not exactly your average looking man, Texas is one large area in which to search for a giant with a missing finger.

Hughes turned his Ranger company over to his second in command, wrote letters to his many lawmen friends and informants, and set off on a quest to find the big man. Agnew, it turned out, was one of those cowboys with a permanent itch to travel. He would work as a hired hand at some ranch for only a few weeks before moving on.



Texas State Library and Archives Collection

Famed lawman Pat Garrett kept his word and brought in the killer of Texas Ranger Charles Fusselman.

Over a period of several weeks Hughes followed a dozen or more tips, some hot, some cold, which took him from the Big Bend country of southwest Texas to the softer climate of the Rio Grande Valley in southeast Texas and then back to the Pecos River area. Hughes' persistence finally paid off. On a tip from a reformed bad man, Hughes rode up to a small ranch house near the Mexican border and asked the owner, "Do you have a big, two-gun man with a missing finger working for you?"

As the rancher nodded, Agnew himself came around the corner of the ranch house. Each hand was clutching the butt of a Colt revolver strapped to his waist. Immediately recognizing his man, Hughes barked, "I'm Captain Hughes. Texas Rangers. You are under arrest."

The big man's fingers trembled on the gun butts and Hughes later told his biographer he expected him to draw. But looking into the calm, blue eyes of the Ranger captain, Agnew must have sensed certain death. He lowered his eyes and unhitched the buckles of his gun belts, letting them fall to the ground. A few days later the Ranger and his prisoner rode into El Paso, where Agnew was placed in the local jail.

Hughes wired Garrett, "Holding Agnew in El Paso. Bring me Parra." Garrett immediately rode to El Paso, picked up Agnew and after depositing him with authorities in Las Cruces, rode north to Santa Fe. There are stories told about an explosive interview with the territorial governor, who did not wish to

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BUT PAT GARRETT WAS A MAN OF HIS WORD. HE PROMISED TO DELIVER THE BANDIT CHIEF AND NO PETTIFOGGING POLITICIANS WOULD MAKE HIM BREAK HIS WORD.

release Parra for reasons never made clear. There are also rumors of Garrett's trip to the territorial prison, where the warden balked at releasing a man with so many moneyed friends.

But Pat Garrett was a man of his word. He promised to deliver the bandit chief and no pettifogging politicians would make him break his word. The manner in which he persuaded the warden to release Parra is not known, but a few days later, Garrett, with Parra in tow, rode up to the El Paso jail and turned the outlaw over to a beaming "Boss" Hughes. It had taken almost a decade of hard detective work and hundreds of miles in the saddle, but Hughes had his man.

During the fall of 1899, Geronimo Parra was tried in the Texas District Court in El Paso for the murder of Ranger Fusselman, was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The execution was scheduled to be held in the El Paso County jail shortly after noon on Friday, January 5, 1900.

Parra, however, was not to die alone. Another murderer, Antonio Flores, was to be dropped through the trapdoor first. It was, barroom patrons joked, to be a double-header. As it turned out, Flores, although not as well known as Parra, was the more dangerous of the two. He was probably not quite right in the head.

On a Sunday morning in March, 1899, Flores was attending Mass in a Catholic church in downtown El Paso. He later told authorities he was praying that the woman he loved, and who had rejected him, would have a change of heart. At the conclusion of the services, he genuflected before the altar, dipped a finger in a basin of Holy Water, made the sign of the Cross and stepped out into the bright sunlight. Then he came face to face with the young woman of his dreams.

As he smiled and greeted her, she turned her face away in disdain. Undaunted, he professed his love and begged her to marry him. The young woman again refused him. Whether she insulted him or made fun of his pleadings is not known. Enraged, he screamed, "If I cannot have you, no other man will ever have you."

In full view of dozens of churchgoers, Flores pulled a knife from his belt. Charging at her like a wild animal he stabbed her breast again and again with his dagger. Shocked bystanders pulled him off the body of the dead girl and dragged him to the city jail. He was duly tried, found guilty, and awaited the "double-header" along with Geronimo Parra.

The night before the hanging Parra's brother and a friend were allowed to visit him in his death cell. Jail Captain Tim Lyons patted down the two men, found no weapons, and let them into the cell. Lyons later stated he found the long *abrazos* or embraces between the men "unusually affectionate." He, however, thought no more about it.

That evening the deathwatch jailer, Eugene Bruce, became suspicious of the rather strange movements of Parra and Flores and sneaked up to the side of their cell unobserved. While Flores was standing in front of him, Parra, his back bent, seemed to be moving up and down near the floor. It looked something like a scraping motion, Bruce said later.

Bruce called Sheriff J.H. Boone and Captain Lyons, who quickly entered the cell, searched it, found nothing and speculated on the strange antics of men who were about to die. A later reconstruction of events speculated that the brother and friend of Parra, when they visited the doomed duo, had heavy wire wrapped around their arms. During their prolonged embraces they must have unwrapped the wire from their arms and onto the arms of Parra and Flores. That night the strange motions observed by Bruce was Parra twisting the heavy wire together to form daggers and then sharpening the ends by scraping them on the concrete cell floor. After wrapping a rag about one end, to protect their hands, the two had manufactured two very potent weapons. Later examination showed them to be seven inches long, of quarter-inch diameter wire filed to a point, with one end doubled back to form a crude handle. The two then concealed the daggers, probably in the bedsprings of

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TO-DAY'S NEWS

EL PASO, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1900.

FOUGHT WITH DAGGERS ON THE SCAFFOLD

Flores and Parra Attempt To Take Others With Them Into Eternity.

A THRILLING DENOUEMENT

At The Execution Of Two Murderers This Afternoon--The Murderous Assault Was Foiled and the

MEN PAID THE PENALTY OF THE LAW

Author's Collection

January 5, 1900, headlines from the El Paso *Daily Times* of the infamous event.

the cell bunks where a sloppy search failed to find them.

The following morning a crowd of the curious, relatives, friends, and a few shifty-eyed gang members began to gather around the city jail and police station. Father Cordova, the priest who was to comfort the condemned, was the first of the more than 100 who qualified for seats in the jail house corridors to arrive for the festivities. He was followed by a bevy of newspaper reporters, civic officials, law officers, and influential citizens who filed into rows of chairs set up around the cell blocks on the second and third floors of the jail.

The gallows was on the third floor. There was a large metal hook suspended from a steel crossbeam across the ceiling to which a rope was attached. Directly below was a steel trap door which was dropped downward by pulling a long lever. When the door dropped, the body of the hanged man fell six feet, his head level with the railing of a corridor on the second floor. Here, almost directly under the scaffold, surgeons were stationed to make the final pronouncement of death.

While the two condemned men were praying with Father Cordova in a cell adjoining the scaffold, eight members of Parra's family, including his brother, sister-in-law, and their children were escorted to choice seats. Following them was a somber, if satisfied, "Boss" Hughes. There were a few vacant seats and Sheriff Boone allowed some of the

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crowd lounging in the street to jostle one another until they filled the empty chairs.

At noon, Parra and Flores were served their last meal. The El Paso *Times* reporter wrote, "Parra ate heartedly while Flores whose stomach had been troubling him during the night, also had a good appetite." By this time a crowd of more than 1,000 had gathered in the street in front of the jail.

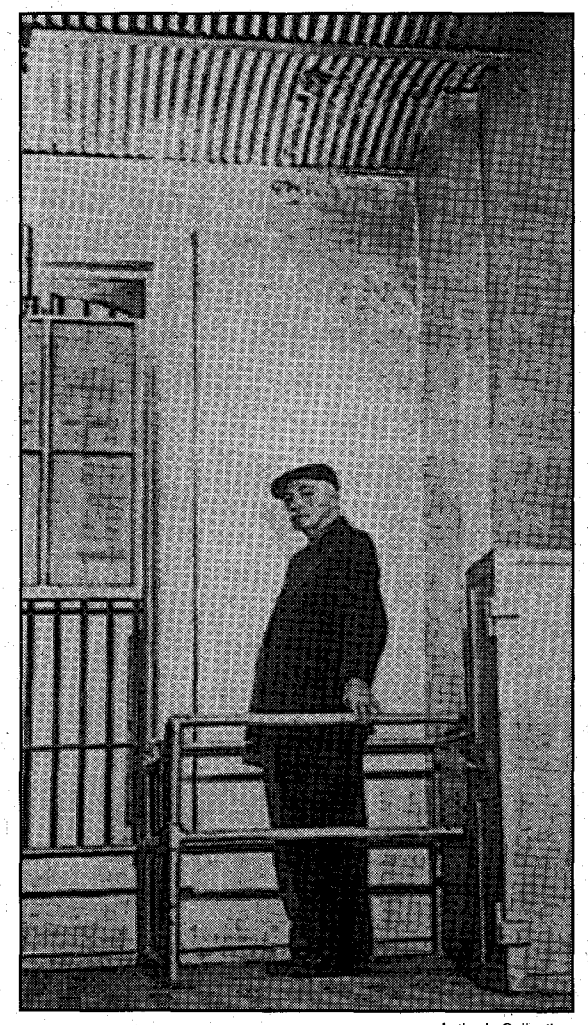
At precisely 1:05 PM Captain Lyons opened the door of the death cell asking, "Are you ready, boys?" The condemned men nodded. The cell door was opened and the two stepped into the corridor. Then it happened.

Flores screamed, "You will all go to hell with me," pulled his wire dagger from his belt and flung himself on Policeman Ed Bryant, stabbing him repeatedly in the stomach.

Parra threw himself on Officer Jim Hunter, stabbing at his face. As Hunter recoiled, Parra turned to attack another officer, W.J. Ten Eyck. As the two officers, covered with blood, struggled with Parra, another officer pulled a revolver and shoved it in Parra's face. This threat, and the strength of now more than half a dozen officers, subdued the crazed man and shoved him back into the cell.

Flores, however, was still involved in a free-for-all with another half a dozen policemen who later claimed his desperation gave him "the strength of two or three giants." Rolling and flailing on the jail floor, the officers finally wrestled the wire knife from his hands and slapped handcuffs on his wrists.

With this the fight went out of the berserk murderer. His hands and ankles were bound tightly, then the officers half lifted, half dragged him to the gallows. Supported by the policemen, Flores smiled at the crowd and as he spotted a familiar face in the audience he murmured, "Adios, amigo." While the sentence of death was read he maintained a smirk, broken only when the words "to be hanged by the neck until he is dead," were read. At this he broke into a mocking laugh.



Author's Collection

El Paso, Texas, Jailor T.C. Lyons stands at the gallows where the "Double Header" was held. Barely visible is the steel hook in the ceiling where the hangman's rope is tied.

At 1:17 PM the reading was completed, the noose was slipped over his head, the knot tightened, and a black cap pulled over his face. At this Flores protested. Father Cordova gently replied, "Be quiet, you are about to appear before your God. This is no time to talk." At that, the lever was pulled, the trap door collapsed from under him, and Antonio Flores dropped six feet to his death.

While Flores dangled in the air, Parra, thrown back into his cell, still clutching his dagger, aimed a torrent of curses at his captors and waved the weapon wildly in the air. Father Cordova approached him, and talked quietly with the prisoner for a few minutes. Parra soon fell silent. At 1:29 PM, Sheriff Boone turned to the crowd and announced, "If Parra attempts to injure one of my men, I am going to put a bullet through his head." Turning to Parra he commanded, "Put up your hands."

The prisoner complied, and as the dagger fell to the floor, guards rushed into the cell and quickly handcuffed him. Parra was led to the gallows where Flores was still hanging. Perhaps for reasons of economy, it had been planned to hang both desperadoes with the same rope.

While Parra waited, one of the executioners was hanging poised over the body of Flores, trying to loosen the noose from his neck. They finally hauled the body back through the trap door to the third floor landing and wrestled with the knot. It took fifteen minutes before they untangled the noose from Flores neck, soaped the rope, retied the hangman's knot, and placed it around Parra's neck.

It must have seemed an eternity to the condemned man, who stood pale and quiet throughout, sometimes chewing at the end of his long mustache. At 1:52 PM the death sentence was read, and at 2:02 the lever was finally pulled. Parra dropped like a stone.

As Parra dropped, the hangman's knot slipped to the back of his neck and the tightened rope cut his throat. Streams of blood gushed from under his black mask, splattering on the floor and splashing some of the nearest spectators. Throughout, Captain Hughes sat near the gallows, a grim smile on his face. It had been a long afternoon. After ten long years of hunting, the murder of Texas Ranger Charles Fusselman had been avenged and "Boss" Hughes could finally be at peace.

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Kit Carson

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REVIEWS

Frozen in Silver

Frozen in Silver: The Life and Frontier Photography of P.E. Larson. By Ronald T. Bailey. (Swallow Press/ Ohio University Press, Scott Quadrangle, Athens, Ohio 45701. 287 pages. $24.95 Paper.)

Because of the location of the Swallow Press, back in the wild and wooly East, we occasionally get a solid book of Western Americana, such as this one, out of Ohio, of all places.

The author of this volume insists that his subject was only an ordinary man, just a typical frontier photographer. And, to prove his case, he follows him, step by (sometimes tedious) step, through a life that was largely humdrum. But it was intermittently interesting and occasionally exciting, as in the Klondike gold rush. In any case, the 154 illustrations of this camera work "wag" the text.

Yet Larson was not just a routine commercial photographer. True, he lacked the genius of the West's classic nineteenth century photo-artists, Carleton Watkins and Eadweard Muybridge. But with some of his better prints, he matched a competence of photographic technique with careful composition and selection of subject matter and he achieved outstanding results.

Unlike many commercial photographers, Larson was a wanderer, drifting from Minnesota to Washington, Yukon Territory and Nevada, with stops at various times in British Columbia, Oregon, and California. And he was not just an itinerant photographer, shifting his base of operations like one of the old West's tramp printers. He hated to be cooped up in a studio. Once that he was, more or less, settled in a town, he was off, like a shot, from his gallery to some lonely woods or patch of desert to "shoot" loggers or miners.

Early on, Larson learned that rough workingmen would not doll themselves up to pose for him. Heck, they would not even enter his studio. But when he caught them in the field, he found that they had so much respect for their laboring skills that they were eager for his lens to capture them as they displayed pride in their work.

The Swedish immigrant Larson had his ups and downs and was dead broke in 1898, so he worked his way on a small steamer to Alaska during the Klondike-Yukon excitement. He did some mining, but mostly returned to photography, teaming up with the better-known Eric Hegg. They documented the epic struggle of so-called Stampeders over Chilkoot and White passes to Dawson City, and these are Larson's best images.

In 1905 the Swede went to Nevada, again to mix mining with photography. His pictures of Goldfield and other camps are excellent visual history, although less dramatic than his photos of the Far North.

Larson finally quit photography and ended up a California grocer. Never well-known, at best, he was quickly and completely forgotten until his archive of negatives and prints were rediscovered in the 1960s. The collection amounts to a treasure trove of pictorial history of the West.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Plains Indians

The Plains Indians. By Paul H. Carlson. (Texas A&M University Press, College Station, Texas 77843-4354. End notes, bibliography, index, illustrations, maps, tables. 254 pages. $29.95 Cloth; $18.95 Paper.)

Paul H. Carlson had two objectives with this overview history of the Plains Indians: to present a concise history of the numerous Great Plains tribes from the earliest times (circa 1200) to the present; and to discuss the social, cultural, and political relationships among the many tribes through their history

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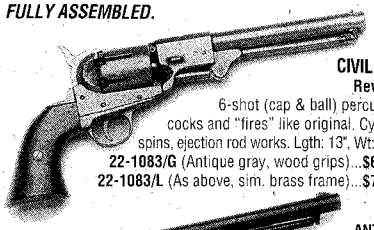

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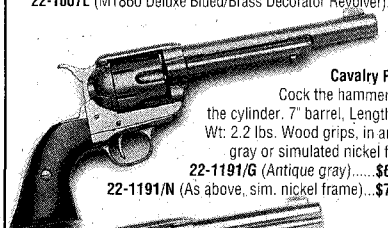

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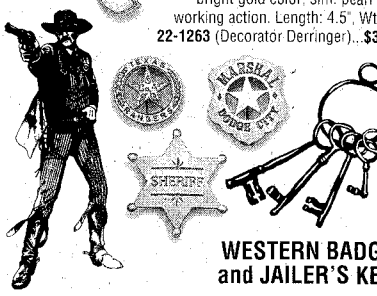

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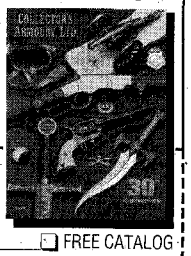

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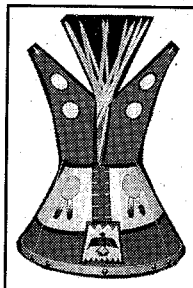

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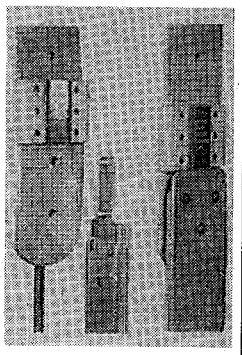

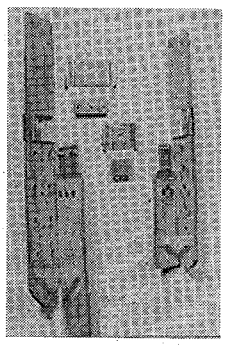

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and the Indian-white man relationships since circa 1500.

The value of such an effort, and Carlson did accomplish his objectives with seeming ease, is that the reader with a particular interest in Indian anthropology or the casual "history buff" will find this cohesive overview valuable. Carlson deals with virtually all aspects of Plains Indians' existence: their use of tobacco, the bison and religion, their marriage and divorce customs, their personal adornment, design and style changes of tipis, and daily life of the warrior society. One would be hard pressed to identify an aspect of tribal life not discussed to some degree.

From 1750 to 1890, the "traditional time" of Indian civilization in America, Carlson places considerable emphasis on the forced evolution of Plains Indian culture due to the ever increasing presence of the white man. Although that presence drastically altered the Indian lifestyle, those who describe it as genocide are inaccurate. The Plains Indian adapted in various ways and today many tribes are reasserting their tribal traditions and forcing a peaceful recognition of their contribution to the pluralistic American society.

The obvious weakness of such a grand overview is that no single aspect of Indian life can be explored in any great detail. For those who wish to examine further the lives of individual Indians or the evolution of Indian civilization in America, the very extensive bibliography of primary source materials as well as easily accessible secondary sources is provided.—*Chuck Parsons, Luling, Texas.*

Pancho Villa

The Life and Times of Pancho Villa. By Friedrich Katz. (Stanford University Press, Stanford, California 94305-2235. 985 pages. $85.00 Cloth; $29.95 Paper.)

No Mexican personality, save for the equally enigmatic Antonio López y Santa Anna, remains a larger subject of fascination and controversy within Mexico, the America West, and the world at large, than Francisco "Pancho" Villa. Label him outlaw, or popular hero, butcher or Robin Hood, in this weighty tome Professor Katz finds Villa a major revolutionary figure; as such his role in the Mexican Revolution forever will be subject to changing generational interpretations. By his thesis, no study of Villa, Katz's included, can be acclaimed as definitive, but his will well serve this and successive generations for years to come.

Cast against the backdrop of the Chihuahua frontier, the rise of Luis Terrazas, and the corresponding loss of land and rights on the part of the Chihuahua free villagers, Katz provides a lucid analysis of the early life and legend of young Doreteo Arango and his emergence as the self-named outlaw, Francisco Villa, a secondary figure of the early Mexican Revolution. Presenting revealing documents, Katz finds Villa a "highly intelligent, entrepreneurially minded, independent and frequently violent young man," who at the onset of the Revolution, was not wanted in Chihuahua for the "multiple murders and other offenses that have been alleged against him."

Villa's 1913 ascent to Chihuahua's governorship, Chihuahua's role as a revolutionary focal point, the transformation of "the motley array of revolutionaries" into the vaunted División del Norte, the mutual hatred between Villa and Victoriano Huerta, and Villa's emergence as a national leader are well-detailed. Villa's personality, use of incentives, maintenance of discipline, employment of railroads (including a modern hospital train), and other qualities of leadership are fully explored. With equal facility, Katz discloses Villa's weaknesses: underestimation of the generalship of Álvaro Obregón; fear of retreat and its impact upon his reputation for invulnerability; misreading of the morale of the Carrancistas, failure at Celaya to choose a battle site offering a strategic advantage—all responsible for Villa's "snatching defeat from the jaws of victory."

To many, Villa's two-front war with Venustiano Carranza and the

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United States marked the end of his military reign. Then came the Villa-ordered storming of Columbus, New Mexico, on March 9, 1916, and the resultant Punitive Expedition of General George Pershing. Katz details the traditionally-held explanations for the attack and brings refreshing new insight to one of the most controversial topics of Mexican historiography. He documents Villa's wish to provoke limited U.S. intervention into Mexico, forcing a strongly anti-American declaration by Carranza, a renewed arms embargo against the Carrancistas, and Villa's own resurgence amid the backlash. Rewarded in the short run—by the end of 1916 Villa controlled a substantial part of Chihuahua and commanded a large army—he will begin to experience the negatives in mid 1917.

Katz explores the details of the 1917-1920 Chihuahua civil war and its attending brutality, Villa's final victorious campaign, the failure of his attack upon Ciudad Juárez, and the negotiations for his surrender to President Obregón. Then he examines the subsequent life and death of the hacendado of Durango.

More than any other figure of the Mexican Revolution, Pancho Villa took the lead in destroying the old regime, and with his contemporary, Emiliano Zapata, he provided the foundation for a revolutionary myth which continues to survive. Katz's superb *The Life and Times of Pancho Villa* does Villa justice and the author credit. Only the inclusion of some illustrative maps could have improved this epic work.—*John D. Tanner, Jr., Fallbrook, California.*

Native Directory

The Encyclopedia of Native American Biography. By Bruce E. Johansen and Donald A. Grande, Jr. (De Capo Press, 233 Spring St., New York, New York 10013-1578. Photographs, illustrations. 463 pages. $22.50 Paper.)

This replication of the edition first published by Henry Holt and Company, Inc., in 1997, subtitled *Six Hundred Life Stories of Important People, From Powhatan to Wilma Mankiller,* certainly fulfills its intention of providing relevant information about even the most obscure Native American who has made a contribution to his or her culture—and that of non-Indians—from the arrival of the Europeans in the New World to the present day.

The encyclopedia introduces the mainstream to little known warriors and wars, such as Little Turtle, the Miami/Mohican chief who in 1790 annihilated a force of 1,000 Americans, and Pequot grand sachem Sassacus, who escaped death when the colonists killed 700 of his people in 1636 only to die a year later at the hands of the Mohawks; as well as the more famous names and their exploits, Crazy Horse, Geronimo, Sitting Bull, Chief Joseph, Cochise, and Tecumseh.

In breaking with the custom of documenting Native Americans solely by their warring prowess, however, this volume also highlights those men and women whose achievements were in such endeavors as politics, the sciences, music, art, acting, and athletics, and emphasizes the ambitions of those advocates and activists who attempted to make a difference—often tragically—in relations with the non-Indian world.

Also included are forty-five entries of non-Indians—both friend and foe—on a selective basis. These range from actor Marlon Brando, who refused to accept an Academy Award in 1972 to protest treatment of those Indians at odds with the government at Wounded Knee, to that traditional (and undeserving) poster boy for the destruction of the Plains Indian culture, George Armstrong Custer. Other non-Indian entries cover a sampling of politicians, activists, military adversaries, traders, writers, and artists.

Although the book has been predictable and appropriately written from a Native American perspective, a hidden history is revealed and the reader will be enlightened by the sophistication of individuals and tribes that have heretofore been grouped together as merely primitive people and societies.

The authors, both college professors—one of Native American heritage—must be commended for their exhaustive research, attention to detail, and compact yet comprehensive entries. The encyclopedia is an effective tool for those delving into this culture, especially with the "For More Information" references that follow many of the entries and recommend further reading. It would serve as a complimentary addition to anyone who enjoys or researches Native American topics.—*Thom Hatch, Ellicott, Colorado.*

The Guardsmen

Shoot From the Lip: The Lives, Legends and Lies of the Three Guardsmen of Oklahoma and U.S. Marshal Nix. By Nancy B. Samuelson. (Shooting Star Press, PO Box 359, Eastford, Connecticut 06242. 200 pages. $38.00 Cloth.)

This book's title tells it like it was, for most of the famous and infamous western characters naturally corralled a collection of larger-than-life legends about themselves as time galloped inexorable onward.

According to countless publications, dating from the late 1890s of the past century to the present, there never were three tougher, harder-riding, straighter-shooting lawmen than Bill Tilghman, Chris Madsen, and Heck Thomas. U.S. Marshal E.D. Nix completed that colorful foursome.

Nix's contact with the Guardsmen lasted somewhat less than three years, actually from mid-1893 to early in 1896; yet this period saw the major outlaw gangs and hangers-on blasted out of Oklahoma Territory.

Possibly Nix's own greatest bid for glory as U.S. marshal was the so-called Battle of Ingalls, Oklahoma Territory, September 1, 1893, when his deputy marshals tangled with the feisty Doolin gang. This was an unmitigated disaster with three lawmen and two of Ingalls' citizenry shot dead and just a lone badman captured.

The Three Guardsmen lucked out for they were not even there; Thomas and Madsen were off nabbing timber thieves while Tilghman

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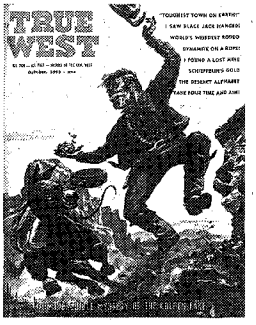

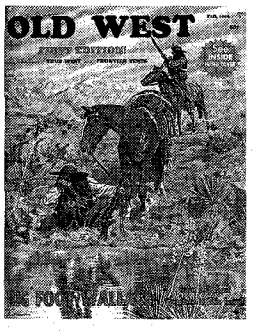

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was pounding a beat in Perry, Oklahoma Territory.

Shoot From the Lip grew from the author's work on an earlier book on the Daltons. From the start she noticed Madsen's tendency to cheerfully recount two or three versions of the same story. This decided her to examine the lives of the other Guardsmen and their erstwhile boss, Nix.

Digging through newspapers of the period, court records, and government documents, she soon realized that many of the "fully researched" biographies of Heck, Bill, Chris, and even Nix were more fiction than fact. With this in mind she decided to go heavy on some of the following facts.

Bill Tilghman, known as the "Marshal of the Last Frontier" in his publicity, came from Iowa to Kansas, hunted buffalo, ran a saloon in Dodge City, Kansas, a bawdy house in Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, and was picked up on suspicion of train robbery in February 1878 with one very bad man, Dave Rudabaugh. He was again nabbed in April 1878 with noted horse thief Dutch Henry Born. Both cases were eventually dropped, and by the 1880s he finally gravitated to packing a silver star. Records show that as a deputy, Tilghman seldom made any real effort to catch criminals unless a big reward was in the works. Actually a part-time lawman, he went after fugitives in between ranching and other activities. However, he stayed in harness longer than his fellow Guardsmen and died during an exchange of gunplay with a federal agent in 1924 during a muddled arrest.

Chris Madsen, known to some writers and fans as the Fighting Dane, was born in February 1851. And though he'd later spin yarns of service in both the Danish army and the famous French Foreign Legion, his nearest contact with formal discipline were five stretches in a Copenhagen prison for vagrancy, fraud, and forging. Arriving in America in 1876, he enlisted in the Fifth Cavalry. Though he claimed to have been at the Little Bighorn and also with Cody when Buffalo Bill killed the War Chief Yellow Hand, such events took place only in Chris' imagination. Even in service, Quartermaster Sergeant Madsen managed to come a cropper by selling supplies on the black market and helping himself to a beeve from a nearby ranch. Eventually discharged during the first territorial run in 1889 in Oklahoma, Madsen soon talked himself into a position as U.S. deputy marshal.

Georgia native Henry Andrew "Heck" Thomas came early to the law. As a railway express messenger in Texas he bamboozled the Bass gang by hiding $22,000 in a cold stove and handing over a bundle of paper. He then formed a detective agency and made a cool $5,000 by tracking down the murderous Lee brothers. As a U.S. deputy marshal he came nearest to living the legend by shooting Bill Doolin. Word has it some lawmen were leery of Heck, who had the reputation for shooting first and serving his papers later.

U.S. Marshal E.D. Nix, another lawman cum-businessman, arrived in Oklahoma Territory just before the April 1889 run and assumed his duties on July 1, 1893. Like Tilghman, Nix was involved in many outside activities during the time he served; running a flour mill, a grocery firm, and even manufacturing a tonic reputed to restore hair. But despite all this by January 1896, when he was removed from office, the territory was cleaned up clean as a whistle. How much illegal profit this wheeler-dealer lawman made is impossible to determine. At least one report said Nix was $850,000 short in his accounts and that the U.S. marshal and his deputies had padded the books by at least 100 percent. Here was a case where (white collar) crime paid handsomely, for no government action was ever taken.

Nancy Samuelson's book, crammed with photos and maps, sets the record straight and gives the reader a genuine look at four pioneer lawmen who were products of their time.—*Bill Garwood, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania.*

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QUANTRILL OR TODD?

Courtesy Donald R. Hale

William Clarke Quantrill or George Todd?

M. Moore of Los Angeles, California, sent in a copy of the accompanying photograph, which appeared in the 1982 edition of Donald Hale's *We Rode With Quantrill.* Moore writes: "This likeness bears absolutely no resemblance to any other photograph of Quantrill that I have ever seen. It does, however, bear a certain resemblance to those I have seen of Cole Younger. I have always felt that...Cole appeared to look older than he actually was. Is it possible that this is, in fact, an earlier, previously unidentified likeness of Cole Younger, rather than of Quantrill? Comments?"

The original is a tintype made in Howard County, Missouri, in 1864. It previously belonged to the late collector Martin Ismert, who acquired it from C.C. Furr in 1957. Mr. Furr's mother was the daughter of a member of Quantrill's band. John N. Edwards, in his book *Noted Guerrillas,* stated that Quantrill went to Howard County "...to be at peace. He was sick, wounded, barely able to ride, and worn from long pain and exposure."

However, in Mr. Hale's revised 1998 edition of *We Rode With Quantrill* he suggests that there is a greater resemblance to the accepted image of fellow guerrilla George Todd than to Quantrill. So perhaps the supposition that it is not Quantrill but someone else is correct. I agree that it does not bear a great similarity to accepted images of Quantrill, but appears more like the accepted image of Todd.

Perhaps Younger brothers' expert Marley Brant or Old West photo collector Bob McCubbin can share their thoughts on this interesting image.

Goodrich of Lincoln County War?

The Lincoln County War of New Mexico remains one of America's most fascinating episodes. Every scrap of paper pertaining to it inspires analysis and contemplation. A most interesting letter came from Tim Rutherford, Toledo, Ohio, dealing with a communication written by Regulator victim William S. "Buck" Morton to his cousin H.H. Marshall of Richmond, Virginia, on

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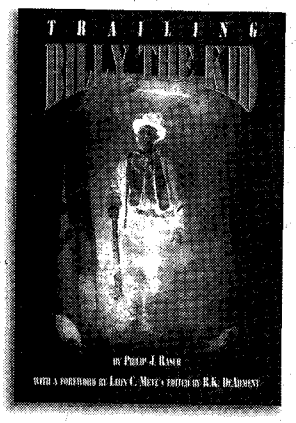

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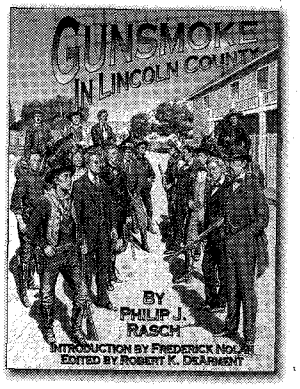

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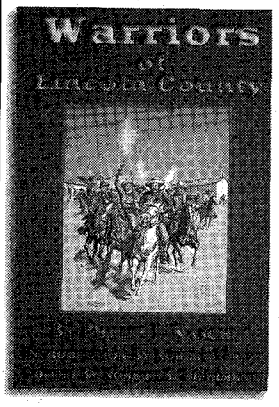

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March 8, 1878. Morton had been "arrested" by a group which included Billy the Kid and he feared he would be murdered by the group. He was allowed to write the letter, in which he expressed his fear.

Mr. Rutherford read a copy of the *Mesilla Valley Independent* newspaper, which printed the letter in its April 13, 1878, issue. According to the article, Morton named the men who held him in arrest, reading in part: "Wm. Bonny (Goodrich!) Henry Brown...." The question is: Who was Goodrich? Does the letter still exist and where is it?

I had not considered this before. In Philip J. Rasch's second volume of articles, *Gunsmoke in Lincoln County,* he prints the letter and includes the name Goodrich, apparently quoting the letter as it appeared in the newspaper.

Fortunately the letter does exist, in the hands of a private collector. I have received a facsimile of the letter and that particular statement reads as follows:

> The names of the parties who have me arrested are, R.H. Brewer, J.G. Skirlock [Scurlock], Chas. Bowdre, Wm Bonney, Henry Brown, Frank McNab, "Wayt" [Fred Waite], Sam Smith, Jim French, (and two others named McClosky Middleton who are friends).

In the actual letter the name "Goodrich" does not appear. One could speculate that the editor inserted "Good Riddance!" after the name of Bonney, but the "printer's devil" misread his handwriting and printed "Goodrich."

The entire letter is reproduced in facsimile form in the 1964 edition of Pat Garrett's *Authentic Life of Billy the Kid* with an introduction by Jarvis Garrett, his son.

Further, Morton wrote the letter fully intending it to be mailed, but it never was. The letter was apparently kept by Ash Upson, the local postmaster and later ghostwriter of Garrett's *Authentic Life.* Since the Garrett family came into possession of the letter, it only makes sense

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that Upson gave it to Garrett as a memento of his years chasing Billy the Kid.

Swimming Buffalo?

"Have you ever heard of a specialized ranch in Montana? I believe it was located between White Sulpher Springs and Harlowton, possibly in the Checkerboard or Martinsdale area, back in the 1930s. There was a large pool with a slide, with a ramp which a trained buffalo would climb up and slide in the pool and then climb out. There were also elk harnessed to pull a wagon, broke to a saddle. I have seen an article in a magazine the name of which I don't know which had photographs of these events. One of the men pictured was my ex father-in-law long deceased. I hope to find this article." This is the query from E.C. Bradbury, PO Box 1369, Rathdrum, Idaho 83858-1069.

It seems that I have also seen a magazine from years back which had pictures of a buffalo sliding down a ramp into a pool. I have been unable to locate the source. Perhaps our readers can help out with this one.

Accordion Folders

William Tennis, 80-45 Little Neck Parkway, Floral Park, NY 11004, collects postcard fold-outs, also known as accordion folders. "I am especially interested in obtaining some representing Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Kansas, Arkansas, and Alabama," writes Mr. Tennis. "As yet I have had no luck in obtaining a fold-out from these states." Well, certainly our readers can help out with this. I would suggest writing the state tourist bureau of the various states; these items are not as popular as they once were. Readers, can you help Mr. Tennis with his collection?

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions. Due to the volume of mail, we cannot forward correspondence to people whose questions appear in "Answer Man."

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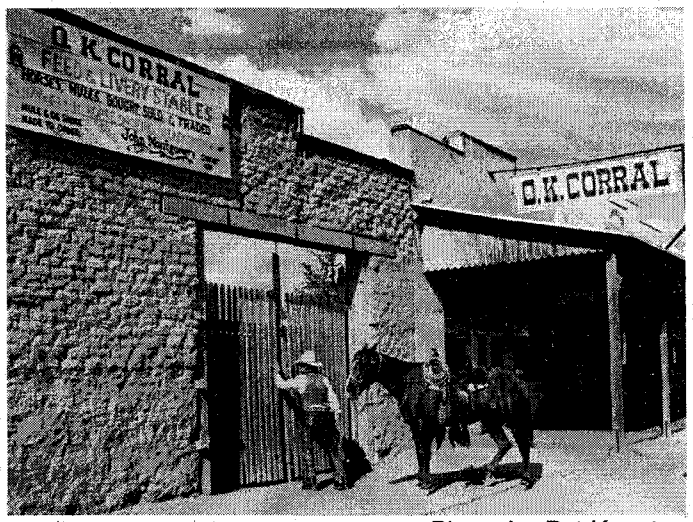

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THE SOCORRO TRAIN ROBBERY

By Ken Weinman

Socorro, New Mexico, is a small agricultural town located seventy-two miles south of Albuquerque, on I-25. It has had a long and eventful history. It was named by the Spanish explorer, Don Juan de Oñate, on June 14, 1598, because the Indians gave them much corn and food. The word means "help" or "aid" in Spanish. A mission church was built there in 1628 by Father Garcia de Zuniga.

During the Civil War, Socorro was captured by Confederate troops on their way north to Albuquerque and Santa Fe. After the war the great western march began, and by 1890, Socorro became the center of one of the richest mining districts in the country.

The principal mining districts were Magdalena, Kelly, and Socorro. The ore was brought out of the mines by large wagons, pulled by mules and horses, then transported to Socorro by a spur line of the Santa Fe railroad.

The railroad was founded by Cyrus K. Holliday in 1860, and was known as the "railway that built an empire," but due to the Civil War and other problems, construction did not begin until October 1868. The first tracks were laid from Atchison to Topeka, Kansas. By 1871 the railroad had reached Dodge City, and by 1872 the track had reached the Colorado border.

On December 8, 1878, the first Santa Fe train traveled over the 8,000-foot Raton Pass by means of a switchback. In 1879 the crew bored a 2,000-foot tunnel through the summit and the first Santa Fe train entered New Mexico Territory.

Laying track at a tremendous pace, the Santa Fe reached Las Vegas, New Mexico, in July 1879. Track layers continued south at the rate of a mile a day and were greatly disappointed to learn that the main line could not be routed into Santa Fe. The people of Santa Fe were determined to have rail service and constructed a branch line from the small town of Lamy, New Mexico. The first train to enter Santa Fe arrived on February 16, 1880.

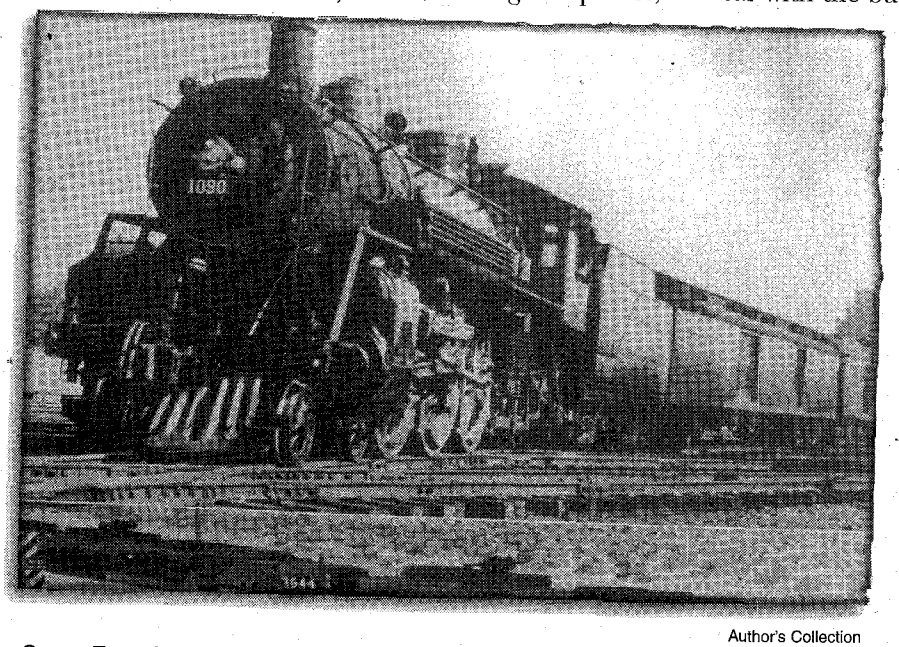
Albuquerque was reached on April 15, 1880, and the tracks came into Socorro in June 1880. Six months later the Santa Fe railroad connected with the Southern Pacific at Deming, New Mexico, and the nation had its second transcontinental railroad.

Many banks, mining companies, and other financial institutions used the railroads during this era to make large shipments of gold and silver coins, bullion, and currency. During the summer of 1894, three men stopped and held up a Santa Fe passenger train a few miles north of Socorro, New Mexico. The train was on its regular run from Albuquerque to El Paso, Texas, a distance of 260 miles.

The Ladrone Mountains are twenty-five miles northwest of Socorro and ten miles west of I-25, directly across from the little town of Bernardo. The Ladrones are a storehouse of buried treasure and lost Spanish mines. They were also used as a hideout for Indians and desperadoes who found sanctuary in their maze of canyons. The Ladrones are very rocky, and trails are only passable on foot or single-file on horseback.

After the train had been successfully brought to a halt, three bandits rapped on the door of the express car with the butt of a Winchester rifle, shouting, "Open the door or we'll riddle the car with bullets." The express messenger gave them no trouble and casually slid open the door.

Working quickly and efficiently, the robbers scooped up the gold coins and stuffed them into their saddle bags. The entire robbery took place in a very short time, and everything went smoothly and according to plan. There had been no



Author's Collection

Santa Fe train similar to the one robbed at Socorro in 1894.

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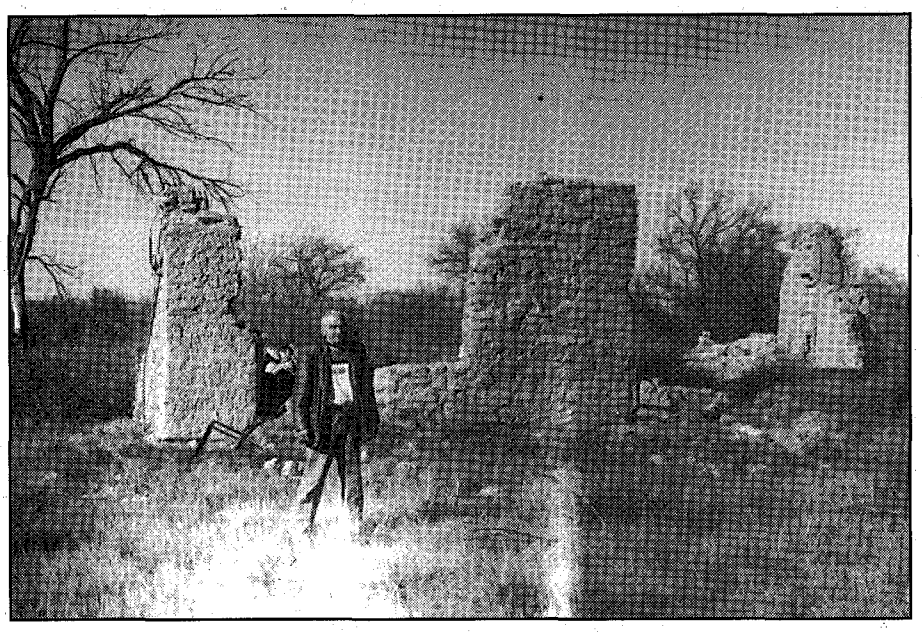
passenger interference, and the train's crew was cooperative. After they finished collecting all of the money, the robbers dismounted the train, saddled up, and headed northwest toward the rugged Ladrones. The bandits had previously established a campsite there and had a small supply of food and ammunition waiting for them. They planned to hide out in the mountains until things cooled off.

The train then continued on into Socorro, and the crew spread the alarm. An armed posse of local citizens was hastily sworn in as deputies and they headed north at a gallop toward the scene of the robbery. They quickly picked up the train robbers' trail, and followed it across the soft desert sand into the lower elevations of the Ladrone Mountains. Ladrone Peak is 9,176 feet high and for centuries has been a landmark for travelers along the Rio Grande and the Camino Real (now I-25), which went north from Mexico to Santa Fe.

As the posse approached the fleeing bandits, they spotted them ahead in the rocky terrain. Their best marksman killed two of the fleeing bandits with his Winchester, at a distance of over 100 yards. The third outlaw, who was now carrying the saddle bags of gold coins, made it safely into one of the canyons, where he temporarily lost the pursuing posse.

The posse didn't give up easily. They dismounted and advanced cautiously on foot, six-guns and rifles at the ready. One of them



Author's Collection

Norman Eaton stands in front of an old adobe ruin found in one of the canyons of the Ladrones.

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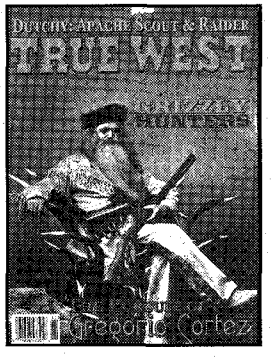

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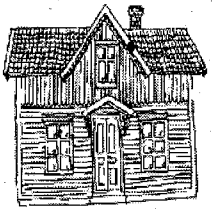

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eventually spotted the lone bandit, who had taken refuge in a large cluster of rocks. After a violent fifteen-minute gunfight, dodging from rock to rock and tree to tree, a posse member finally killed him with a well-placed shot near the heart.

A quick search of the area was made by posse members, but no one found the saddle bags full of gold coins. The bandit must have cached it somewhere in the large cluster of rocks as he moved from place to place, trying to elude the posse. He took the secret of the rich haul with him to the grave.

During the first week of October 1997, a friend and I went to Socorro and the Ladrone Mountains to take some photos and to search for the hidden saddle bags of gold. My companion on this trip was Norman Eaton of Albuquerque. We left our homes in Albuquerque about 7:00 AM and drove south on I-25 for fifty miles to the small town of Bernardo, New Mexico.

We took the Bernardo exit off I-25 and turned right (west) on a blacktop road at the bottom of the off ramp. From this vantage point, the Ladrone Mountains were directly to the west of us, looking awesome and gigantic. We followed the road for about two miles until it it came to a dead-end at a locked gate. Here you must turn either north or south. We headed north on County Road 12 for about ten miles, until we came to County Road 76.

We turned west on County Road 76, and it was exactly four miles to the base of the Ladrone Mountains. We pulled into one of the canyons and parked our vehicle, strapped on our side arms, and then hiked in on foot. The foot-hills were very rugged and covered with piñon trees and scores of scattered boulders that formed a thousand hiding places. There were a few canyons on the southeast side of the mountain, but it was anyone's guess as to which one of them contained the train robber's lost loot, if, indeed, it was still there at all.

We decided to search around the first canyon to the north of County

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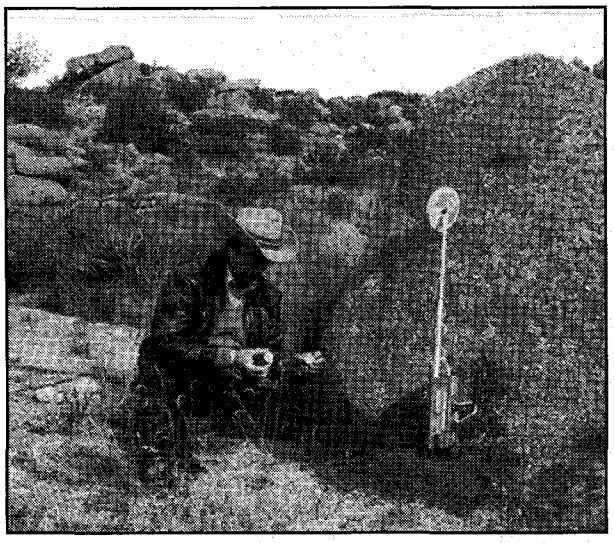

Author's Collection

The author with the two silver dollars recovered at the base of a large rock in New Mexico's Ladrone Mountains.

Road 76. I had been there before during the winter of 1992 but was only able to cover the first hundred yards of it. The canyon was about 800 yards long and ended at the base of the mountain. From there it was all large rocks and boulders, rising up to about 9,000 feet. We searched in and around many of the boulders that littered the canyon floor, but did not find the gold. We did have some anxious moments when my metal detector rang loud and clear at the base of a large rock that was about ten feet high.

While Norman worked the metal detector, I labored on the hole, making it a little wider and deeper. At a depth of five inches, we still couldn't see what the object was. Norman ran the detector over it again and the signal was much louder. I continued to dig out the hole, then my knife blade made a clinking sound as it struck against something metal.

We scooped out about six inches of dirt but found nothing. Norman ran the detector over the hole again, and this time got no signal at all. Whatever made the sound must have been shoveled out, so he ran the detector over the loose pile of dirt, and the signal repeated at two locations, several inches apart.

I spread the soft dirt with my fingers, finding two hard disc-like objects. They were two Morgan silver dollars, dated 1888 and 1890. Since silver doesn't corrode in the ground, we washed them off with canteen water and they cleaned up quite well. Except for being a little tarnished, the coins features were clearly readable. Someone must have been sitting there by the large rock over a hundred years ago and either lost them there or buried them intentionally. Either way, they were a great find.

After a short break for coffee and sandwiches, we worked our way deeper into the canyon. About an hour later we spotted the ruins of an old adobe homesite. The roof had caved in and three sections of the wall were still standing. Fallen adobe bricks, chunks of rocks, and wood lay scattered throughout the ruin. Searching the old homesite was tedious and slow because of all the junk scattered around. Pieces of rusty iron, tin, and square nails were plentiful, but we found nothing of value.

We continued up the canyon and off to the side, Norman spotted the remains of an old dump. There was lots of old rusty cans lying on top of the ground and two Prohibition-era whiskey bottles. About a hundred yards to the rear we found the skeletal remains of two old cars that had probably been sitting there for over half a century.

Then we came across a human grave that was very interesting. Two rows of stones formed a large cross on the ground, and just behind the grave, looking to the east, was a small statue of the Virgin Mary. It had turned green with age and weighed about ten pounds.

In the Summer issue of *Old West*:

***Bat Masterson, John L. Sullivan, and the Last Bare-Knuckle Heavyweight Title Fight.* By R.K. DeArment.** Bat Masterson, legendary gunman and boxing expert, shares his views on the career of "The Great John L." Sullivan.

***The Death of Bill Williams.* By Joe Wise.** A recently-discovered memoir from the Bent family may dispel the belief that mountain man Bill Williams died from an Indian attack in 1849.

***Wyatt Earp's New Mexico Adventures.* By Chuck Hornung.** On the evening of April 15, 1882, seven well-armed men rode into Silver City, New Mexico. After they departed a local newspaper identified them: Wyatt Earp and his vendetta posse.

***Wild Horse Jack's Half-Mile of Hell.* By Glen Mikkelsen.** This year marks the 75th anniversary of chuckwagon racing: a sport that combines cowboy heritage and the equestrian drama found in Roman chariot races.

Look for the Summer 1999 *Old West* on newsstands April 13, 1999.

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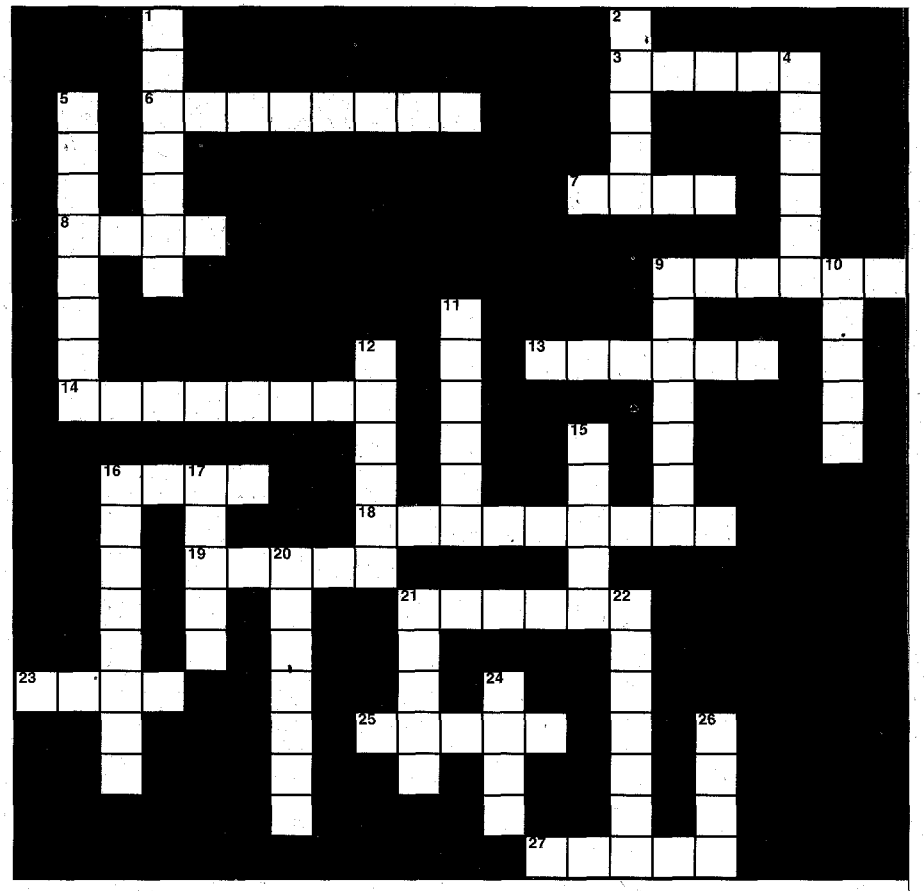
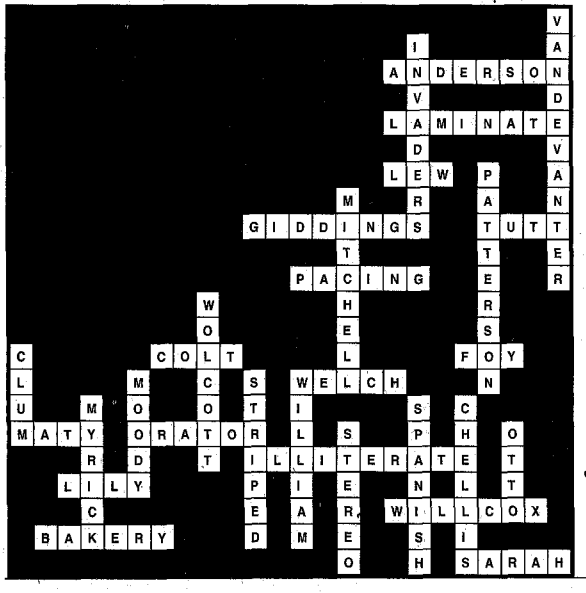


Across

3. _____ Beulah Mrose
6. George Bent was part _____
7. Cochise's son and successor
8. _____ chowder, a Chinese delicacy
9. Author of *Nevermore Cimarron Nevermore*
13. George Bent's wife
14. Geronimo's given name
16. Texas Ranger Captain John R. "_____" Hughes
18. Otero justice of the peace
19. _____ Earp, Virgil's wife
21. Author of *Western Treasure Tales*
23. Geronimo's last wife
25. Partner with William and Charles Bent
27. Ghostwriter of Pat Garret's *Authentic Life of Billy the Kid*

Down

1. Spanish word meaning "help"
2. _____ Mary
4. The newspaper *Tombstone* _____
5. Author of *Violence Was No Stranger*
9. The Chinese section of Tombstone
10. Drug used by the Chinese
11. Saloon where Charles Stark was killed
12. A variety theatre in Denver
15. Geronimo's first wife
16. A sister act at the Palace Theatre
17. Jefferson Randolph "_____" Smith
20. _____ Mountains, northwest of Socorro
21. Killed Texas Ranger Charles Fusselman
22. An Otero physician
24. Geronimo Parra and Antonio Flores made daggers from _____
26. John E. Wilcoxen's alias



Solution to last month's puzzle.

Someone had placed it there many years ago to keep a silent watch over the deceased.

As the fading rays of the sun fell behind Ladrone Peak, we gave up the search and headed back to Albuquerque.

The Ladrone Mountains are rough, desolate, and intriguing. In addition to the train robbers' lost loot of 1894, many other tales of lost treasure have been associated with it. (The word "Ladrones" means "thieves or robbers" in Spanish.) Forty years ago some ancient Spanish documents were found in a cave on the west side of the mountain, and some lost Spanish mines dating from the 1600s were rediscovered. Numerous old tools and equipment were recovered from the mining shafts.

Before going into the Ladrone Mountains today, you should obtain a copy of the United States Geological Survey quadrangular map. It shows where the springs, water tanks, mines, and roads are in the area. Also go into Socorro and review old copies of the *Socorro Chieftan* newspaper at the library. They contain a wealth of information about the area.

The terrain is rugged and the trip is not an easy one, but the prospect of finding something of value buried there makes the trip worthwhile.

If you should decide to visit the Ladrone Mountains and look for the train robbers' lost loot, check out the nearby town of Riley, where the train robbers used to hang out from time to time, when they weren't hiding from the law. It was founded in 1890 and was a trading point along the Rio Salado at the western end of the Ladrone Mountains.

There is still a good chance that the train robbers' lost loot remains cached somewhere in the large rocks near the base of the Ladrones. Maybe you will be the lucky finder.

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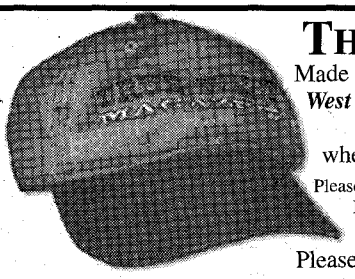

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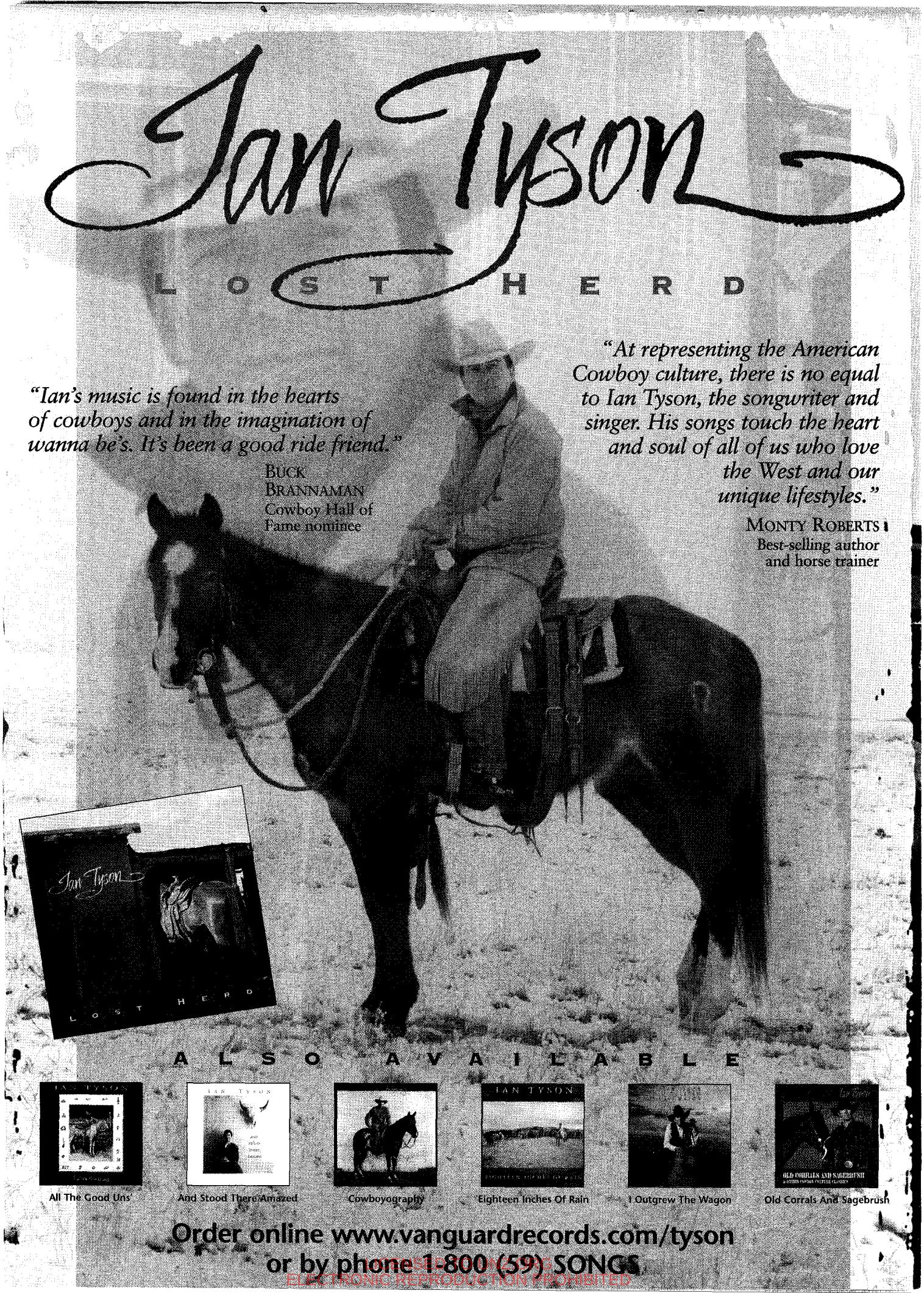
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